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Some Recent Criticism of America.

INTERNATIONAL criticism, though sometimes a very useful, is rarely a very pleasant, task ; and a reply thereto often seems even less gracious, because in dissecting the critics one is very apt to make incidental slashes at their countrymen.

Now this I am particularly anxious to avoid ; in the first place, because it is not my present business, and the *et tu quoque* style of argument is never attractive ; in the second place, because I have far too pleasant memories of England and Englishmen. I always enjoy greatly my short stays in England ; and I would make them longer, were it not that I am constitutionally incapable of spending six months anywhere in Europe without becoming exceedingly homesick for America. Indeed, I would be more than ungrateful to speak ill without reason of a place where I have been treated with such uniform and cordial hospitality by almost every one with whom I have been brought in contact. Though an American with hardly a drop of English blood in my veins, I always feel more at home in England than on the Continent. I have, and I trust I shall always retain, the good old country-cousin feeling about London ; I like its size, the swing and rush of the life, and the importance of the interests of which it is the centre. The mere social part does not impress me so very much. The balls and parties are about like those in New York ; so are the dinners, except that the married women talk better and the girls not so well. They are very pleasant, but they are too much like what we already know, unless there has been a Speaker's Reception or something

of the sort, and then it is a real relief to see the men in costumes that on this side of the Atlantic are only worn at fancy-dress balls. The purely social clubs are also very similar to ours; the attendance is better, and it is only a Western barbarian, I presume, who would wish to add, to the already excellent menu, prairie-chickens, canvas-backs, terrapin, soft-shell crabs, and oysters that do not taste like corroded halfpence. But we have no club quite like the Athenæum, for instance; nor does one in America, as in England, habitually meet, in dining out, men who are prominent as statesmen or as soldiers, in literature or in art. Finally, from the standpoint of a guest, life in an English country house is most attractive, and foxhunting is very good sport if one is well mounted. I am, therefore, under no temptation to confound the critic and his country; for it has been my good fortune to see nothing but the bright side of life in the latter.

International criticism may be of value in three ways. First, it may help the country criticised (and that it may do, even though in large part inaccurate); second, it may help outsiders, by holding up to their view an example, either to follow or avoid; third, it may throw a flood of light on the mental condition of the critic himself.

It is for this last reason that many of us read with a good deal of interest Lord Wolseley's article on General Lee, in 'Macmillan's Magazine' for March, 1886. An even more cursory examination of Lord Wolseley's article than his lordship has apparently made of the war about which it is written is quite enough to show that, while there is nothing therein contained worth preservation on account of its intrinsic critical merits, the whole piece deserves to be studied in its entirety by any outsider desirous of getting an idea of "the military learning and mental strategy" of the most conspicuous living English general. If Lord Wolseley did not think the American Civil War worth studying, there was no need of his doing so; but if he did so think, then he should not have written about it until he had at least some rudimentary knowledge of the subject. He considers Lee, so he tells us, "the greatest soldier of his age," the equal of Marlborough (and there are plenty of Northerners as well as Southerners who agree with him here), and the war itself "as fully equal in magnitude to the successful invasion of France by Germany in 1870"; if so, it was all the more incumbent on him not to write nonsense about either.

There is not space to do more than take a few choice plums from the curious *pot-pourri* of miscellaneous misinformation which his lordship presumably considers a "study" of General Lee. He begins with an *obiter dictum*, delivered with glib flippancy and magnificent ignorance of the subject; writing of "the sovereign right, both historical and legal, which each state possessed under the constitution to leave the Union when its people thought fit to do so," and again stating that Lee "firmly believed that each of the old states had a legal and indisputable right, by its individual constitution and by its Act of Union, to leave at will the Great Union into which each had separately entered as a sovereign state. This was with him an article of faith, of which he was as sure as of any Divine truths he found in the Bible." Just before this last sentence Lord Wolseley quotes a line from one of Lee's letters, which, if he had read through, he would have found contained the following paragraph, "Secession is nothing but revolution. The framers of our constitution never exhausted so much labour and wisdom and forbearance in its formation, and surrounded it with so many guards and securities, if it was intended to be broken by every member of the confederacy at will. It is intended for 'perpetual union,' so expressed in the preamble, and for the establishment of a government, not a compact, which can only be dissolved by revolution. . . . It is idle to talk of secession."

His lordship sapiently mentions among the claims of General Lee to military perspicacity, his pleading against the measure for "the enlistment of soldiers for only ninety days"; as this was a measure of the Washington, not the Richmond, government, it is difficult to see why Lee should have pleaded against it. He says that "the usual proportion throughout the war between the contending sides in each action ranged from about twice to three times more Federals than there were Confederates engaged." There were instances, as at Antietam and in the closing days of the war, where this proportion obtained; exactly as there were other instances—as at Franklin, Chickamanga, Gaines' Mill, Knoxville, Pea Ridge—where the Confederates much outnumbered their foes; undoubtedly the Federals were generally the most numerous, but the figures given by Lord Wolseley do not apply to one battle in ten, and were "usual" only in the reports of contemporary Confederate newspapers. What should we say of his lordship if, in describing General Chanzy, he attributed an important act of the German Reichstag

to the Provisional Government at Paris, blandly praised Chanzy for his (purely imaginary) "pleading" against it, and took his figures for the German numbers and losses from the French newspapers?

Lord Wolseley believes that McClellan was "hopelessly at the mercy" of Lee when he "began his retreat to Harrison's Landing after the seven days' fighting round Richmond." If he can believe that, he can believe anything, and can safely vie with the White Queen of Wonderland, who was able to believe three impossible things before breakfast. McClellan had just repulsed Lee at Malvern Hill, and his army was in an impregnable position; there may be some doubt as to whether he himself should not have assumed the offensive, but there is none whatever that it would have been suicidal folly for Lee to have assaulted him.

Again, he thinks that the failure of the Confederates to follow up their victory at Bull Run was due to "political considerations." This theory at least has the merit of being original; but his lordship need not copyright it, for no other sane historian will ever display the least desire to claim it.

He mentions that he is especially struck by "the inefficient manner" in which Lee was served by his "subordinate commanders." The three chief of these same inefficient subordinates were Stonewall Jackson, Jeb Stuart, and Longstreet; and really it hardly seems necessary to answer such a criticism of such men.

Lord Wolseley speaks a good deal of General Washington, evincing a desire to place General Lee "on the same pedestal" with him. But he says nothing that warrants us in thinking that he knows more than the simple facts that there was a man named Washington, and that he was a general. He begins, with gratuitous inaccuracy, by crediting Lee with the ownership of Washington's home, having evidently confused Mount Vernon and Arlington; much as if he spoke of Wellington owning Blenheim. He says that Washington could not have succeeded in the Revolutionary War if he had been obliged to submit to "the will and authority of a politician as Lee did to Mr. Davis." Had he studied so much as a good school history of the Revolutionary War he would know that Washington's main difficulties were, not with the foe in front, but with the politicians and people behind. If Washington had been backed up as Lee was, the Revolutionary War would have been over in three years, instead of lasting nearly eight. He strongly insinuates that the careers of

Lee and Washington were exactly parallel ; and states that "Lee fought for the right of self-government which Washington won." What he means by this is not very plain ; and, indeed, a dense fog of uncertainty overclouds all his historic utterances ; but it may at least interest his lordship to learn that Washington was not only a general, but a great constructive statesman. The salient difference between Washington and Lee ought to be apparent to even the dimmest vision ; the one succeeded in building up the mighty structure which the other failed in trying to tear down. Lord Wolseley, in the midst of a series of marvellously wild shots, hits the mark once when he says that "had secession been victorious, it is tolerably certain that the United States would have been broken up still farther, and instead of the present magnificent and English-speaking empire, we should now see in its place a number of small powers with separate interests," or, in other words, a second Spanish America, with some of the states tending towards the fate of Hayti. We Northerners yield to no one in our admiration of Lee's magnificent generalship, of his high-mindedness, and of his purity of purpose ; but to class him with Lincoln is like classing Montcalm with Chatham, or Patrick Sarsfield with William III. To compare him with Washington—who was as pure a patriot as Hampden, a greater statesman than Pitt, and almost as great a general as Wellington—is even more absurd. When in 1798 Virginia was preparing to take part in the abortive secession agitation of that year, Patrick Henry warned her truthfully that if there was a rising, she would find her levies opposed to troops led by her own great war-chief. The Virginians who in 1861 trod in Washington's footsteps were the men like Scott, Thomas, Farragut—but not Lee.

Lord Wolseley remarks, anent the contending armies, that "from first to last the co-operation of even one army corps of regular troops would have given complete victory to whichever side it fought on." We have no desire to make such comparisons ; but we do not feel we have any cause to shrink from them when made. Undoubtedly both the armies which fought at Bull Run could have been beaten by a regular force half the size of either of them ; but four years of a struggle more bloody than Wellington's in the Peninsula, fought under or against a chieftain whom Lord Wolseley ranks with Marlborough, naturally worked a great change. After the Civil War in England Cromwell's veterans showed themselves the equals of the splendid French

and Spanish infantry; certainly in 1865 the soldiers of Grant or Lee, Sherman, Johnson, Thomas or Sheridan, would have marched with light hearts against any European foe. Let his lordship look back at the history of some small fights that took place in 1814; let him compare the rout of the Americans at Bladensburg with their victory at Chippewa, and the drawn battle of Niagara or Lundy's Lane, and he will gain a clear idea of the difference between utterly untrained citizen soldiers and the same men when they have had even two years' training by competent commanders—and he will also learn whether in the latter case they can or cannot hold their own against the best regulars in the world.

Such a comparison as Lord Wolseley has seen fit to make is difficult to answer, because it is hard to find a standard that both sides will accept. Yet perhaps something can be learned, at least of the way in which the troops stood punishment—which certainly counts for something in a battle—by comparing the death-rolls of the different regiments and armies. In the Franco-Prussian War the heaviest regimental loss in any one battle occurred at Mars-la-Tour, where the 3rd Westphalian lost 49 per cent. of its numbers killed or wounded. In our own Civil War there were 58 regiments, Federal and Confederate, each of which, in some one fight, lost 50 per cent. or over in killed or wounded. At Inkerman, according to Kinglake, the Guards had 1331 men, of whom they lost 594; at Gettysburg the 26th North Carolina lost 588 out of some 820, and one company, 84 strong, had every man killed or wounded, the orderly sergeant making out the return with a bullet through both legs. The Light Brigade at Balaclava lost 247 out of 673; in a charge at Gettysburg a battalion of the 1st Minnesota lost 205 out of 252, and in this case be it remembered that nobody had blundered,* and that though the regiment had suffered proportionately considerably more than double the loss of the Light Brigade, nevertheless the 47 survivors held the ground and the flag they had captured.

With these facts, and a hundred others, before him, had he chosen to look for them, our critic continues: "A trial heat between two jockeys mounted on untrained horses may be interesting, but no one would ever quote the performance as an instance of great racing speed." To us there is something

* See the article by Colonel Wm. F. Fox, in the 'Century Magazine' for May; see also the same magazine for last September, in a piece written, I believe, by Mr. C. C. Briel.

deliciously ludicrous in the picture of Lord Wolseley standing bravely by on tiptoe to speak thus of Grant and Lee, and the veteran armies wherewith they fought to a finish the great Civil War. It is as if old "Tippecanoe" Harrison had said the same thing about Napoleon, Wellington, and Blücher at Waterloo; in which case he would have excited the indignation of none, but the contemptuous amusement of all.

His lordship modestly alludes to himself as a "critical military student of this war." While granting that he is both military and critical, I must protest against any such lofty flight of fancy as is implied in his calling himself a "student" of the war. Let him examine Col. Chesney's works or the Comte de Paris's 'History,' if he wishes to know something of a student's methods; or let him look at an excellent little book on 'The Campaign of Fredericksburg,' written by a British "Line Officer," and published in London, by Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., in 1886.

Before proceeding to a genuine critic, I must examine one more *bouffe* individual. This is Sir Lepel Henry Griffin, K.C.S.I., who recently wrote a very bright, amusing little squib called 'The Great Republic.' In itself it is about as serious a production as the famous 'Portuguese Phrase Book'; and I should no more dream of answering it than of answering the 'Pirates of Penzance' on behalf of the old-time buccaneers. But Mr. Matthew Arnold has recently made our failure to please Sir Lepel the head and front of our offending, and has thereby given him an undeserved importance which entitles him to a very brief answer.

Mr. Arnold quoted Sir Lepel's remark that he can think of no country save Russia in which he would not rather live than in America, "in which life would not be more worth living, less sordid and mean and unlovely;" and Mr. Arnold added on his own account that "the civilization of the United States must somehow, if an able man can think thus," be defective.

Let us look at the "able man's" own picture of what he thinks a civilization should be. He gives it on p. 47 of his little book, where he says that "a woman of spirit" would doubtless prefer "a society like that of London, where even the men, to say nothing of the women, from the time they rise at eleven till they go to bed at three in the morning, think of nothing but how they may amuse themselves," and adds, that when Americans have learned this "science of amusement" their country "will become

a far more agreeable place than it is at present." Really this "able man's" ideal does not seem much higher than that of the "sordid, mean, unlovely" country to which he so strenuously objects. Indeed, some of us believe—from experience—that any man worth his salt would find life, for any length of time, in a perfectly frivolous fashionable society bent on nothing but amusement, only a shade less dreary than existence in the dullest little Philistine country town. He might like to see it for a short while, exactly as he would like to go to the circus; but he would as soon think of living in one as in the other. Moreover, such a society is not specially characteristic of London; "vacuity trimmed with lace" is to be found in most of our own large cities, by those whose curious ambition it is to associate therewith. To us, the charm of London lies in the fact that there we meet men who know how to have a good time and yet play their parts in the world. It is pleasant to stay at the country house of a mighty Nimrod who is also a prominent factor in politics; to meet men of note at the clubs; and to discuss art and literature at a dinner where there are leaders of Parliament in addition to leaders of fashion. The purely fashionable world I can meet in New York, whenever I wish; and there the women dress quite as well and dance much better.

Sir Lepel, in his preface, states that his book is written for Englishmen, and especially "English Liberals," "to point out for their avoidance those of the political methods of America which strike me" (Sir Lepel) "as thoroughly bad and corrupt." He goes on to state that he is sorry to hurt any one's feelings (a needless anxiety—we have preserved our equanimity), but that he must tell the truth. Of course in this position he is perfectly sound; a writer is bound to state the exact facts, even if they are as black as Sir Spencer St. John found Hayti.

Let us see how well our "able man" has succeeded in his quest for truth, by taking as samples of the rest a few passages chosen almost at random from his book. He bitterly condemns us for not making a State Park at Niagara, which, by the way, we have just done, and writes that, for their crime in failing to protect the scenery, he would "hand down to eternal infamy" the names of the authorities of the state of New York, "were he not convinced that, being New York officials, they are already as infamous as it is possible for officials to be;" he further writes "it is well known" that the right to mar the scenery by advertisements, &c., "has been acquired by bribing the state officials."

When Sir Lepel wrote, the chief of these same officials, the Governor, was Mr. Cleveland, now President of the United States; the next in importance and influence was Mr. Davenport, whom the Republicans ran for Governor at the succeeding election, who had served several terms in Congress, who belonged to an old New York family, and was a man of the highest character and capacity. I was then in the Legislature, and knew him well, officially as well as privately. When Sir Lepel states that Messrs. Cleveland and Davenport are "as infamous as it is possible for officials to be," and that it is "well known" that rights are acquired from them "by bribery," it is just as if some latter-day Jefferson Brick should say the same thing about Lords Salisbury and Rosebery.

It would be easy to multiply quotations such as the above from the work of this "able man"; but instead I will quote a few of the figures he gives, partly because of their startling nature, and partly as a measure of the writer's trustworthiness. How he ever got them would be really worth while knowing; whoever gave them to him gulled him unmercifully. On p. 180 he says that "if all the Indian tribes—men, women, and children—throughout the states and territories be enumerated, they amount to some 66,000 souls," instead of which there are over four times that number. On p. 135 he says that the Germans "now number some ten millions;" whereas, including those whose parents were born in Germany, as well as those born there themselves, they number about four millions. However, in this case, Sir Lepel's statement contains 40 per cent. of truth—a very unusual proportion for him. His statements that the Germans do not intermarry with the Americans, and, like the Scandinavians, have in no way changed their nationality, are rather more absurd than his account of their numbers.

But he fairly outdoes himself in the chapter dealing with our illiteracy. He says that "only one voter in five can write his name in the Southern States." He says that "in the Presidential election of 1876 New York, New Jersey, Indiana, Wisconsin, Illinois, Rhode Island [and eight other states] were ranged on the side of illiteracy;" as at that election half of the states named voted one way, and half the other, it would seem as if "illiteracy" was bound to be ranged on both sides. He says that "in 1876, 60 out of the 96 senators, or four-fifths of the whole, and 259 out of 292 representatives in Congress, were in the grasp of illiteracy," and "in the last Presidential contest the

voters in thirty states, commanding 298 electoral votes, were unable to read." At first I was puzzled to know what these two sentences meant. Then I found out—they meant nothing.

Almost every one of Sir Lepel's pages yields similarly rich ore to even the most superficial mining. If he is a fair sample of Anglo-Indian officials, the "English Liberals" for whom he writes, may, if they study his figures, be pardoned for concluding that Anglo-Indian statistics have a bizarre value quite unique.

Sir Lepel states, in his usual guarded way, that "America is the country of disillusion and disappointment, in politics, literature, culture, and art, in its scenery, its cities, and its people." Where did he get his "illusion," that was thus rudely dispelled? It could not have been from that small suburban Anacreon, Master Thomas Moore, who about 1805 described America as "rotten before she was ripe," a "medley mass of pride and misery," and the people as "the motley dregs of every distant clime," whose "youthful decay" and "crude anticipation of the natural period of corruption," "must repress every sanguine hope of the future energy and greatness of America;" nor could it have been from Dickens, who, some forty years later, remarked, with hearty geniality, great good taste, and careful abstention from exaggerated statement, that the Republic was "so maimed and lame, so full of sores and ulcers, foul to the eye and almost hopeless to the sense, that her best friends turned from the loathsome creature with disgust." Nor could it have been from the fascinating, albeit somewhat melancholy, pages of the late "Cassandra" Gregg, who in 1860 portrayed very powerfully our utter degeneracy in "mind, morals, manners, and physical condition," and fifteen years later mentioned that we had grown worse. Really, our capacity for progressive degeneracy is marvellous. However, we are quite accustomed to these amenities of foreign criticism—all of our critics, by the way, being careful to assert a "friendliness" of disposition that is certainly most successfully dissembled—and we take a pensive interest in comparing the severe self-restraint characteristic of such sentences as those quoted above with the horror which the authors always profess to feel of the unbridled violence and loose denunciation so common in the American press.

Nevertheless, let me assure Sir Lepel that his feelings towards Americans are not reciprocated; on the contrary, such of them as know of his existence are inclined to greet him with favour

as an unconscious humorist, and he has certainly proved a real heaven-sent boon to the overworked unfortunates who edit the comic press.

But enough of breaking such merely comic butterflies.

Mr. Matthew Arnold's sudden death was felt almost as much in the American as in the English world of letters. We on this side of the water feel that we owe him as much as you do. We are far from agreeing with all his views ; there are many of them which we do not believe could be held by a healthy and rudely vigorous nation ; but we know that we get from his writings much of which our own civilization stands in especial need. Moreover, he is entitled to a most respectful hearing when he points out what he deems the shortcomings of our civilization ; and were his remarks malicious, which they are not, and unjust, which they are only in part, it would not diminish in the least the debt due from us to him.

Mr. Arnold undoubtedly tried to write about us in the only way that can possibly produce good, either to the people criticised or to the other people who are to profit by the example portrayed. He wrote his last two articles only after some observation, and he evidently honestly endeavoured to discriminate between the good and the bad. Where he failed to be fair, the failure was probably entirely unintentional ; it was wholly out of his power to do full justice to a rough, pushing, vigorous people. The roseate-hued after-dinner account of an already prejudiced friend, produced after three months' travel, practically from one entertainment to another, however pleasant reading, is but a shade less useless than the bitter diatribe written by some one resolutely determined to see all things through a gloomy fog of dislike. Every people, as well as every system, has its faults and virtues ; if the former overbalance the latter, the observer should say so, but he should be sure of his scales first. We honestly believe that our system has on the whole worked better than any other ; but plenty of defects can be pointed out even by its friends ; and if any foreigner who has studied it believes it to be bad, and fears that its influence both on our own people and on European races will be detrimental, then it is not only his right, but his duty, to say so and give his reasons.

But of course the critic should beware of too rapid generalization. Take 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' for instance ; Jefferson Brick, Hannibal Chollop, and Elijah Pogram, are all good pictures of distinctively American types. They are types not to be found

elsewhere, but common enough here, at the time that Dickens wrote, and unfortunately not yet extinct, though much less prominent and influential than formerly. But to treat them as the *only* American types was absurd; they stood towards the United States as Pecksniff, Bumble and Bill Sykes stood towards England. When Dickens generalized from them, and summed up about America, as already quoted, he wrote a sentence that stood about on a par with the New York newspaper "screamers" he was at the time engaged in ridiculing. Again, with due deference be it said, I think Englishmen sometimes write about American matters without thinking it necessary to study them at all. Lord Wolseley and Sir Lepel Griffin both stand well, I presume in England; yet they do not hesitate to write arrant nonsense about subjects of which they are simply densely ignorant, in a way they would hardly venture to do were they dealing with European affairs. It makes no difference whatever to us. For all we care, Lord Wolseley is quite welcome to credit Lee with "pleading" against Lincoln's call for ninety-day troops, or, for the matter of that, to insist that Daniel Webster was a general in the Civil War, and we are perfectly willing that Sir Lepel should describe his sixty United States senators as being not only "in the grasp of illiteracy," but in that of homicidal cannibalism to boot. Frankly, if it pleases these gentlemen to cut such queer literary antics, unrestrained by the fear of being laughed at, we think it concerns only themselves and the services they represent.

Another thing that it is hard for any one to keep in mind is the difference in the point of view. To illustrate what I mean I shall take an example from that most delightful book, General Butler's 'Great Lone Land.' Therein the author relates, very humorously, his bewilderment when an American showed him a monument to Stephen Douglass; the point of the joke being the foolishness of the American in presuming that General Butler had heard of Stephen Douglass. Now of course it is a mark of rank provincialism for any man to believe that any foreigner knows anything about the history of the land he is visiting; but would General Butler appreciate quite as keenly the foolishness of an Englishman who should think that an American military officer, travelling on a semi-diplomatic mission, might safely be supposed to have heard of Lord John Russell? I greatly doubt it.

Yet again, a man must be sufficiently catholic to allow for mere differences of taste. Personally, I like Winchester

repeaters, rocking-chairs, shad, ice-water, and spider-wheeled buggies; many of my English friends prefer dog-carts, beer, and double-barrelled Express rifles; but there is not the least reason why we should quarrel or look down upon one another because of our varying preferences. In the same way, without altogether defending "I guess" and "I reckon," it is certainly allowable to deem them at least as good as "I fancy." Nevertheless, many a writer seems to think that just such utterly trivial points determine the superiority or inferiority of a civilization.

Mr. Arnold falls into no such errors; he gives us full credit for many of our good points; and, on the other hand, much that he says in blaming us is warranted by the facts.

He deserves special praise for having so clearly seen and understood our political condition, and for having so soon grasped the fact that there was here very much less administrative and judicial corruption than was commonly believed; that, in spite of striking and partial exceptions, our politics were not only already fairly pure and decent, but were steadily improving. Had he not been determined to see things as they really were, he might easily have been led astray on this point, not only by outside observers, but even more by Americans. One of our main faults, although I think it is a fault of which we are gradually curing ourselves, is a tendency to speak in the superlative, especially about ourselves, and to exaggerate both our failings and our virtues. If a cavalry officer kills six or eight Indians he is forthwith called a Hannibal; and if a congressman honestly differs from the bulk of his countrymen on some question of public policy, his character is promptly, and very unfavourably, compared with that of Judas Iscariot. At one time we bragged incessantly of all our legislators and legislative bodies, good and bad alike; but for the last twenty years we have gone to the opposite extreme, and our newspaper editors, essayists, and platform orators, from Mr. Lowell down, have indulged in incessant abuse of our politics and all connected therewith, in terms so violent and sweeping that they do quite as much harm as, and are even more untrue than, the former equally unmeasured praise. Newspapers, for instance, exhaust their vocabulary in denouncing what is in point of fact a fairly good state legislature: people know that much of their abuse must be taken in a pure *Pickwickian* sense; and so when they turn to denouncing a really outrageous board of aldermen, they have

nothing stronger to say than they have already said, and are not more than half believed anyhow. Similarly, it was the proper and inevitable consequence of our former extravagance of statement that when we did perform heroic deeds the recital of them not only failed to impress outsiders, but what was of much more importance, even failed adequately to impress ourselves.

Again, we who sincerely believe in the democratic idea, cannot but be pleased by Mr. Arnold's praise of our democracy; by his appreciation of our comparative equality and our approximate freedom from the spirit of class division, at least in those portions of our land where the old American habit of thought is most prevalent. His words especially appeal to those among our number whose good fortune it has been to pass a considerable part of our lives either in the west or in the back country of the old states; who have lived in communities wholly American, where ranchman and cowboy, or "boss" and "hired help," as the case might be, slept in the same house and ate at the same table, each respecting himself and each respecting the other; who have seen with our own eyes that plain living, while by no means necessarily productive of high thinking, is at any rate not incompatible therewith. We believe, not only that we have provided for the greatest happiness of the greatest number, but also that we have built up a community wherein any really manly and virile individual has free scope to play his life part well and nobly. Moreover, Arnold has justice on his side when he ridicules the extravagant praise sometimes showered on what he calls the average man. We are too apt to spend our time in praising the average man for what he is, instead of trying to spur him on to be something more; it is a good thing to be reminded from time to time that we must try to level up to the highest, and not down to the average. He is also right in insisting that one of our especial dangers is the mistaking of mere material progress for genuine civilization, and the tendency to measure all success by the degrading standard of the almighty dollar; although here let me say that I sometimes think the eternal guinea plays an equally prominent part in England.

He is right to laugh at much that our people say about our superiority in fineness of fibre and nervous organization. So far from being creditable to us, this nervousness and fineness of physique bid fair in places to develop into a real danger; they are undoubtedly among the causes that have produced the alarming diminution of the birth rate among native-born North-

erners, especially in New England. Our cultivated, and still more our enormous partially and imperfectly cultivated, classes have erred tremendously in altogether looking down upon the development of the body; and though there are numerous signs that there has been in this respect a great change for the better, yet there is still much need of insistence upon the fact that though a man must before all else think straight and be moral, yet that in addition he must be vigorous of body, must have a capital digestion, must, in short, be a good, healthy animal before he can be reckoned a really first-class member of the body politic, fit to be the father of other good citizens.

On these matters Mr. Arnold is entirely right; yet it seems to me that he has not seen some of our chief dangers—such as the growth of a turbulent and but partially Americanized foreign-born proletariat in our large cities and manufacturing and mining centres—and that some of the accusations that he does bring against us are either not borne out by the facts at all, or else are borne out only in part.

Thus, his wholesale denunciation of American newspapers is altogether too sweeping, although there is a solid understratum of truth in what he says. The only exception he makes is in the case of the *Nation*, and this apparently simply because it has a "foreign"—more definitely, pseudo-Milesian—editor; but the exception is not altogether worth making, for though the *Nation* has done good work in certain lines politically (using the word in the larger, not the mere party, sense), its influence has been thoroughly unwholesome, and its sour, spiteful dishonesty entitles it to be called the Sir Benjamin Backbite of the American press. Undoubtedly a man taking up an American newspaper is apt to find therein much that grates on his sense of good taste, and in many cases not a little that offends his sense of decency and propriety; but he is also sure to find much sound common-sense, much shrewd humour, and—in spite of our critics—a good deal of excellent morality. In non-political public movements the newspapers are generally potent forces for right; as any one may see for himself if he examines the zeal with which they work for a good international copyright law, or enquires into the history of the preservation of the Adirondac forests or the laying out the country round Niagara as a public park.

It seems to me that Mr. Arnold is mistaken in thinking us to be so very sensitive to criticism of our actions. At one time we were

undoubtedly marvellously thin-skinned, but nowadays we have grown confident : we hold ourselves accountable only to ourselves, and bear the praise and blame of foreigners with much philosophy. For instance, the only lengthy allusions to Mr. Arnold's views of our civilization that I have happened to come across were made by a clergyman, who took them as the text for a sermon, and by an essayist, who wrote about them in a magazine ; and both clergyman and essayist, being in pessimistic mood, vigorously asserted that all that the critic had said was true. A man must be cautious in believing a nation to be unduly sensitive to foreign opinion merely because he comes across some individuals who are thin-skinned. A friend of mine once wrote what he still believes to be a complimentary article on England ; yet it produced a shoal of uncomplimentary letters in return, one gentleman actually taking the trouble to write him from Patagonia in terms of involved scorn ; but he did not in consequence hastily announce that the British public was abnormally nervous as to what was said about it in American magazines.

What Arnold says about the American accent is also largely true, but is, I think, exaggerated. That is, there is a tendency in America to talk with a twang, as there is a tendency in England to use the aspirate improperly. Jean Ingelow somewhere says that Americans say "sass" for sauce ; so they do—as much as Englishmen say "heggs" for eggs. In making these comparisons, we must remember to compare corresponding classes. But undoubtedly even the cultivated people of a nation are apt now and then to betray the failings common among the uncultivated ; and, moreover, are least sensitive about the failings to which they have become accustomed. I have often been struck by meeting Englishmen of high social position who, to my ears, slightly softened or roughened the "h" in the wrong places. As showing the other side, I am tempted to tell a little story, although it is rather against myself. It was at a dinner in London, and I was sitting next a very pretty woman, who was evidently bent on saying pleasant things about America ; indeed, to some of her speeches I was obliged faintly to demur—as when she credited us with the national ownership of the river Amazon. Finally, she electrified me by observing that she liked to hear me speak, "because she was so fond of the American accent ; it reminded her of a banjo !" The remark was evidently made in perfectly good faith. I murmured my acknowledgments, and she continued the conversation with the

vivacity naturally attendant upon the pleased consciousness of having paid a neat compliment.

But all of these points are, in Mr. Arnold's estimation, of minor importance, serving only to illustrate the truth of his main charge against us. This charge is, that our civilization is not interesting, because it fails to supply the two absolutely necessary elements of beauty and distinction; and he may not unfairly be said to offer as a partial explanation of our failure the alleged fact that our whole people answers to the English middle class. This is only very roughly true; for, though our population doubtless stands in close relation to the English middle class, after all it is not English, and it is not a middle class. A "middle-class" American is as different from a middle-class European as a mountaineer of Appenzell is from a Bavarian peasant. In the first place, we differ by blood and race as well as by nationality from England; even when the Revolution broke out, the term American was more than a mere geographical expression; the descendants of the Roundhead and the Cavalier were the leaders in the struggle, but beside them stood the children of the Hollander and the Huguenot, of the Presbyterians of Scotland and Ireland and the Lutherans of Germany and Sweden. More important still than the ethnic difference is the difference in the surroundings; a middle class which has never had an upper class over it or a lower class under it is inevitably bound to develop in such a way that it can only be called a middle class at all by a stretch of words.

So, disregarding the explanation, I will confine myself to the statement itself; and yet after all, where the accusation is, by its very nature, so vague, the answer can be but little more than a statement of the opposite belief. Mr. Arnold quotes Carlyle as saying that he would not live in America because it was not interesting. If he found us so, well and good; it was his affair, not ours. I knew of a Scotchman who once announced that on the whole he found the pleasant town of Peebles more interesting than London or Paris. To us the statement seems less a reflection upon America than an illustration of the fact that a man can write well about deeds which, when he sees them done, he is utterly unable to appreciate; that he can sing the praises of greatness achieved, and yet be blind to the heroism of those who before his own eyes are achieving it. Carlyle could deify Cromwell, the hero of a civil war big with fate to the English race; yet he could not so much as see Lincoln and Grant as

they brought to a close another contest surely no less important. He could bow down before the memory of the military prowess of Frederick the Great ; yet he could not perceive the superb soldiiership of Lee. He could shout with exultation over the French Revolution, and be dumb in the presence of a struggle of which the outcome decided the unity of a nation, the destiny of a continent, and the freedom of a race. Let me make myself clear : no one can possibly complain because Carlyle found the United States uninteresting ; but if Mr. Arnold makes his doing so the ground for saying that there is a great lack somewhere, it is permissible to answer that the fault may lie in the observer quite as much as in what he observed.

Of the two causes that make us uninteresting, Arnold lays perhaps most stress upon our lack of the beautiful. Here, likewise, he is certainly right in part. More than any other of the founders of our nation, the Puritan has left his mark stamped deep in the character of our people ; and the Puritan had only the beauty that belongs to the grim, homely, rugged strength of a race with many forbidding traits, but yet essentially moral and essentially manly. Does any man think it would have been to the ultimate advantage of America to have exchanged the qualities of the Puritan for those of the beauty-loving, beauty-producing Greek ? The Greek could never, like the Puritan, have conquered a continent, and then governed both it and himself. I wish we had a keener, higher sense of beauty ; I hope we may develop it ; but I should be sorry to see it cultivated at the cost of more virile and useful qualifications. Moreover, Arnold goes much too far in some of his statements. His strictures on American natural scenery must be due simply to his having seen very little of America ; to attempt to compare even the eastern States with England is like trying to include in the same comparison Portugal, Sweden, and the Tyrol. Maine and Florida, New York and Virginia, differ among themselves as Italy differs from Norway. Americans often brag with absurd lack of judgment even about their scenery ; it seems impossible, for instance, to instil into the minds of some of our countrymen the fact that New York Harbour has not the least resemblance to the Bay of Naples, and to persuade them that it is in the worst possible taste to copy the ludicrous example of Saxony, and christen a pretty bit of hilly country the American Switzerland, or degrade a beautiful mountain road by calling it the American Cornice. But if a man looks only at the country,

and does not bother himself with what a very small portion of the inhabitants say about it, he ought to be able to satisfy himself somewhere between the Atlantic, the Alleghanies, Canada, and the Gulf. Moreover, we must remember that each man naturally loves best the woods and mountains, the lakes and rivers of his own land. I am much too fond of the Catskills and the Adirondacs, the Hudson, the Sound, and our midland lakes to be able to compare them fairly with those of England or Scotland. But of course it is true, as our critic says, that we have not "that charm of beauty which comes from ancientness and permanence of rural life."

Mr. Arnold denies us also all claim to beauty in architecture, and mentions that we have produced nothing of importance in literature. If he means that we have nothing like the 'Iliad' or the Parthenon, he is well within the mark. But of all his criticism upon us, I am inclined to think that what he says of our architecture has least warrant in fact; certainly he has wholly failed to appreciate the difference between our architecture of to-day and of twenty years back, and he is curiously ignorant of Richardson's work, as well as being utterly mistaken in his idea of the conditions under which it was done. Curiously enough, when Mr. Arnold wishes to illustrate by example, the architectural beauty to which we have failed to attain, he instances Somerset House and Whitehall; yet he has been singularly unhappy in his choice, for these two buildings at least are fully equalled by half-a-dozen of our own public structures. But when he speaks of literature, he is on ground that he thoroughly knows, and whereof America would be first to acknowledge him a master; and yet not even because of his great authority would I be willing to miss from my bookshelves Irving and Hawthorne and Emerson and Cooper, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier and Poe, and Parkmann and Motley; and I shall still continue to look forward to a new novel by Charles Egbert Craddock, and to a new story by Thomas Nelson Page or Joel Chandler Harris. But unquestionably—and very naturally—we have not produced writers that stand relatively as high as our statesmen and soldiers; we have *done* a good deal more than we have *written*. And it seems to me that a critic should keep in mind that we are a young land, and as yet must be judged, whether for good or evil, almost as much by our promise as by our performance. After all, taming a continent is nobler work than studying *belles lettres*.

Mr. Arnold instances, as a proof of how unsatisfactory educated people find existence in America, the numbers that go abroad. If he had gone on and taken into account the number of English tourists who visit Italy, he would have gained a clear idea of the exact value of his proof. Nor is he right in his belief that our best artists and literary men like to live abroad; those who do so are a very feeble folk indeed, as any man can find by searching through the list of Americans who have done good work in any given department. The Americans who make their home abroad are men too weak to make their way at home; they belong to some such class as that of our so-called "realistic" novelists—not theirs the realism that gives us so excellent and true a type as, for instance, Silas Lapham—but men who apparently seek to supplement French realism, which consists in depicting the unspeakably nasty, by a realism of their own, the portrayal of the unutterably trivial. It is distinctly to our discredit as a nation that we have produced these men; but then it is much to our credit that, when produced, they are driven to live somewhere else. The Americans who do good work are invariably those whose Americanism is most pronounced, and who are themselves American in heart and spirit, in marrow and fibre. The acquisition of a species of flaccid cosmopolitanism is one of the surest signs of a feeble nature.

Mr. Arnold is part right and three parts wrong in speaking of the "hideous nomenclature" of the United States. The names of most of our states, rivers, lakes, and mountains are by no means hideous; on the contrary, many of them are very beautiful. But the names of many of our cities, towns, and villages are not only hideous but ludicrous also. Such names as Memphis in Tennessee, Paris and Versailles in Kentucky, Syracuse, Elmina, and Utica in New York, stand as high-water marks of hedge-school pedantry, utter poverty of imagination, and absurd, uneasy pretentiousness. They, and the men who tolerate them, cannot be sufficiently ridiculed. But Mr. Arnold is on more uncertain footing when condemning in even stronger terms all names ending in "ville." I am far too good a disciple of Mr. Freeman not to greatly prefer some form of "boro," "ton," or "ham" as a termination; but the fact remains that, in addition to these Teutonic endings, we have now also adopted the Romance termination "ville," as we long ago adopted the Romance termination "chester"—that is, castra. I prefer the ending "ton" to the ending "ville," exactly as I prefer the words fall and

outlook to the words autumn and prospect ; but no individual dislike can drive out words and terms that have been accepted into the language. Mr. Arnold is peculiarly unhappy in his condemnation of Jacksonville in Florida. Except for the fact that we see one and do not see the other, through the mist of centuries, this is a name precisely parallel to that of Edinburgh (King Edwin's borough). Jackson was once the ruler of our country, and a valiant general ; by his successful, albeit piratical, wars with the Spaniards and Seminoles he won Florida for us ; and it was most fitting that the chief of the new towns we there founded should have been named after him. Still, I do not wish to enter into a defence of the termination "ville" ; and much that Mr. Arnold says about our lack, as a nation, of a sense of beauty and grace, is correct, and we would do well to ponder it, and profit by it.

But when he speaks of the lack of distinction in our history and our civilization, he seems to use the word in a sense that in our eyes renders it meaningless. It almost seems as if he unconsciously connected distinction with pageantry and fine clothes, with what he himself calls the "frippery" of the middle ages. Certainly, as he uses it, he would have to deny its existence in Clive, Hastings, or Wolfe when compared with the highly-polished, salon-frequenting French who were their contemporaries—and in our homely eyes their inferiors. He says we are deprived of the effect made upon men by the contemplation of what is elevated, that we are lacking in the sense of awe. If he means that Americans do not regard any man as a moujik regards the Czar, he is right ; and though such a feeling as that of the moujik has much in it that is fine and good, yet we believe that it can only be acquired or retained at the expense of even more valuable qualities. But it seems to me that the feeling shown by Americans for men like Lincoln and Grant, the attitude they now hold towards old Tecumseh Sherman, shows an appreciation of true elevation of character ; it certainly implies loyalty, and gratitude, and respect towards men who have shown in high degree courage, war-craft, state-craft, and devotion to their country.

Mr. Arnold grants us that Washington is distinguished, but says that Lincoln is not, though he admits the latter deserves the most sincere esteem and praise. He adds that Washington has not the high mental distinction of Cæsar. This may be true ; but woe to the nation where Cæsar rather than Washington

stands as the arch-type and ideal! He also states that Washington belongs really to the pre-American age, and was an Englishman, not an American. He might as well say that Cromwell, as compared to Pitt, was a German, and not an Englishman. Washington lived a generation or two nearer the time our people crossed the water than Lincoln did; and similarly Cromwell lived several generations nearer than Pitt to the English settlement and conquest of Britain. Washington was the typical American of his age; there has never lived a man who was more thoroughly bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh.

I cannot help thinking that the difference Mr. Arnold makes between Washington and Lincoln is due to the fact that one lived a century ago, and the other in our own time. A hundred years ago Englishmen would have laughed at the praise he gives to Washington; fifty years ago they would have still considered it extravagant; to-day they think it just. So it will be with Lincoln. Compare what was said of him in his lifetime with what is said of him even now, and we can form some idea of the verdict of the future. Writing in 1864, Mr. Freeman, who is always friendly to America, and puts the best interpretation he conscientiously can on our deeds, touched incidentally on Lincoln. He felt called upon to make a stand against the general feeling of his countrymen towards Lincoln, and he boldly took advanced ground. This is what the defender of Lincoln said: "It is ridiculous to speak of him as the mere drivelling idiot which it suits party prejudice to call him;" and he admitted his inferiority to McClellan and Jefferson Davis, but said he was better than any President since Jackson!

Mr. Arnold's estimate, twenty-four years later, shows a gigantic advance when compared to Mr. Freeman's; and, perhaps, had he, for the good fortune of the world of letters, been spared to live longer, he would by degrees have seen still more clearly the character of Lincoln. If so, he would surely have given all honour to the uncouth backwoods giant; the shrewd, far-seeing statesman; the high-minded patriot, with his clear eyes, his iron will, his sad, patient, kindly heart; who for four years bore a burden that would have broken any back but his, and who then met death for the sake of the people whom he had loved and served in his life.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The Reproach of Annesley.

BY MAXWELL GRAY.

AUTHOR OF "THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND."

"Give me the man that is not passion's slave."

PART II.—CHAP. I.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

A FEW weeks after Edward Annesley left Medington, which he did without again meeting the Manor family, Paul unexpectedly arrived at the garrison town in which he was quartered, and spent some days with him, in a dejected frame of mind. Before returning to Medington, he reminded Edward of his promise, given on his first evening at Medington, to the effect that he would not spoil his chance of success at Arden Manor, which the latter renewed, laughing at his cousin's seriousness. Paul then spoke of his wishes with regard to Alice Lingard, whose name he did not mention, and of the pecuniary difficulties which prevented him from asking her to marry him. But he did not say that he was actually in debt, having lost heavily through running Diana in a steeplechase, nor did he say that he was in the habit of associating with men of ample means, notably the Highland officers to whom Captain McIlvray had introduced him, and sharing in amusements that he could not afford.

"Don't you think," Edward said, "that your mother would furnish funds for the marriage? She must know that marriage is an advantage to a doctor, and she is very fond of you."

"She is the best of mothers ; but she would never see that we could not all live under one roof. And I would never subject any girl to *that*. The fact is," he broke out after a gloomy pause, "my life is wretched. But when I think of *her*"—here his face changed and a soft fire kindled in his eyes,—"*it is all different ; there is something to live for. It is maddening that I dare not speak yet. Heaven only knows when I shall be in a position to do so, and in the meantime there she is in her youth and beauty*

exposed to the attentions of every chance comer. And it cannot go on for ever. I hate every man who goes to that house ; I feel that unless I am quick, the fated man must come at last. I tell you, Ned, it is the torture of hell."

His cousin advised him to end his suspense at once. "You stand upon a fanciful punctilio, Paul," he said, "and for that you may spoil her life as well as your own. Speak to her, and ask her to wait for you. You have a profession and a fair start in it, not to speak of the Gledesworth contingency, and hope will give you courage to win your way. If she loves you, she will be glad to wait ; and if she does not, why the sooner you know it the sooner you will get over it and form other ties."

"Get over it !" cried Paul, looking up. "A man does not get over such a passion as this. Certainly not a man of my paste. Why only to see her is heaven, and to be without her, hell. The Mowbrays never do anything by halves."

"Then do not do this by halves," returned Edward cheerily. "Lay siege to her affections at once, and make up your mind to win her. And if you had not a penny in the world, is it a light thing to offer a heart like yours ? I hear men talk of women, and I hear them speak of their sweethearts and wives, but I never hear men speak as you do. I believe, Paul, that a deep and serious passion is a very rare gift from Heaven. And I believe there is nothing like it in the whole world. Nothing so lifts a man from earth and reveals Heaven to him, nothing so makes him hate and despise his meaner self, nothing——"

"By Jove," interrupted Paul, with a genial laugh, "the youngster has got the complaint himself !"

Edward replied that he might take a worse malady, and reiterated his advice with regard to decisive measures, and they parted, Edward marvelling at Paul's dejection and discontent.

He did not know how deeply Paul had yearned for a military life, and what it had cost him to obey his mother's wishes in renouncing it, nor did he know why Paul had taken that little holiday and fled to Portsmouth. It was because the demon had once more entered into Mrs. Annesley.

"What a sweet woman dear Mrs. Annesley is !" the curate's wife was saying at the Dorcas meeting on the very afternoon of Paul's flight. "I wonder what keeps her away from us to-day ?"

She little dreamt that it was the devil himself.

It was now mid-April, and at last there was respite from the

bitter sting of the east wind ; every day seemed more lovely than its fellow ; in warm still nights, from the cospes by the brook, the passionate music of nightingales arose, breaking the deep charmed silence and echoing through the dreams of sleepers in Arden Manor. No one ever referred to their chance visitor of the early spring except Ellen Gale, who, when Alice paid her accustomed visits, would sometimes allude to the voice they had heard singing past the window. "And you were right, miss ; you said it was a gentleman's voice," she often repeated.

"Yes, Ellen, and the voice of a good man," Alice would reply. "There is so much in a voice."

"Yes, miss ; yours quiets me down my worst days."

Alice and Sibyl were in the music-room on one of these golden afternoons, surrounded by books, easels, and other evidences of their daily employments. Sibyl's cat was coiled on the wide cushioned window-seat beneath the opened lattice, through which a flood of sunshine poured ; the deer-hound lay stretched on a bearskin beneath it, sleeping with one eye, and with the other lazily watching his mistress, who sat listlessly at the piano, improvising in minor keys.

The melancholy of spring was upon Alice, that strange compound of unspeakable feelings ; the strenuous life of the natural world, its beauty and its melody stirred depths in her heart that she was too young to understand, when some bird-note came with unexpected passion upon the silence, she felt as if her heart were being torn asunder and the old orphaned feeling of her childhood rushed back upon her. The simple interests of her quiet life now failed her, former occupations grew stale, there was a hardness and want of she knew not what in the brilliant sunshine and cloudless sky. She wondered if after all it were true that life, to all but the very young, is a grey and joyless thing. Hitherto the future had seemed so full of dim splendour, so pregnant with bright possibility, all of which had unaccountably faded.

As she sat at the instrument playing dreamy music she mused upon that day of transient spring, set like a pearl in a long row of chill sullen days, when she sat busied with her flowers in the oriel and the door opened and Edward Annesley appeared. What a bright world it was into which he stepped ! How long it seemed since then ! He had vanished out of their life as quickly as he had entered it ; no one ever mentioned him now. Perhaps he would never come again.

The thought struck chill to Alice's heart, the colour faded from her face, while the music died away beneath her nerveless fingers.

After a brief pause she began to play again, and sang with Sibyl the following duet :

"THE COMING."

"The daisies fall a tremble
And bow beneath his feet,
As they would fain dissemble
Their joy his eyes to meet ;

"The daisies fell a tremble,
Their tips with crimson glowed,
When they hastened to assemble
In troops to line his road ;

"The roses hang to listen
From the briar across the way
Where the morning dew still glisten,
For the first words he shall say ;

"And the little breezes, bringing
Song and scent and feathered seed,
Are glad to waft his singing
Across the sunny mead.

"He cannot heed the daisies,
The roses or the breeze ;
He is here—among the mazes
Of the orchard's friendly trees."

They sang the first four verses to an even-flowing melody in a major key, but the last to a more powerful measure, accompanied by minor chords which resolved themselves into exultant major harmonies to burden the phrase "he is here," which was taken up alternately by the two voices and repeated by them in different musical intervals in the manner of a fugue, so that the words "he is here" flew hither and thither, and chased each other above the harmony in a rapture that seemed as if it would never end, until the last lines rounded off the song in a joyous melody with major harmonies.

Scarcely had they made a silence, through which the song of a blackbird pulsed deliciously, from the orchard hard by, when they were startled by the sound of a man's voice crying, "Thank you," from beneath the window.

Hubert started up with pricked ears, and the two girls went to the open lattice and looked out. Just beneath the window

on the broad turf walk was a garden-seat lightly shaded by a tall apple-tree, leafless to-day, but ethereally beautiful with crimson buds and delicate open blossoms of shell-like grace, which outlined the boughs in purest red and white on the pale blue sky. Sitting there was Mrs. Rickman, and standing by her side, looking upwards with a spray of the blossoms just touching his crisp-curled hair, was Edward Annesley.

Alice flushed brightly; Sibyl turned pale.

Hubert stood beside his mistress, almost as tall as she, with his paws on the window-sill, and wagged his tail with a whine of joyous recognition; then, in his language, he courteously requested the ladies to descend and welcome the new-comer.

"We were half afraid to speak," the latter said. "Do, please, go on singing."

But the singers were effectually silenced, and presently came into the garden, and chairs were fetched and a genial circle formed beneath the glancing shadows of the apple-tree.

"Mr. Annesley has walked seven miles to see us," Mrs. Rickman said; "we must make him welcome."

"You are welcome, Mr. Annesley," Alice replied, with her exquisite smile and tranquil voice.

"Oh! yes; we are glad to see you," added Sibyl in her light treble; "it is not every day that people trouble themselves to walk seven miles to see us."

Then Edward said that he would not have accepted his invitation to stay with his friends, had they not lived within a walk of Arden, and as soon as he had said it, he knew that he had gone too far, and every one except Mrs. Rickman, who had a happy knack of seeing nothing that was not delightful, saw it too.

"Then," asked this innocent lady, "why not spend a few days with us?" This was exactly what he longed to do, but he was too confounded by his bare-faced hint to reply at first. "What a clown she must think me!" was his inward reflection.

Then Mr. Rickman came out with the half-waked air with which he usually regarded the outer world, and having with difficulty detached his mind to some extent from the consideration of a human bone, that was probably pre-Adamite, and fixed it on his guest, added his hospitable entreaties to those of Mrs. Rickman. Finally it was decided that Annesley should take up his quarters there and then at the Manor, sending a messenger, with explanations, for his portmanteau.

Alice looked down on Hubert, whose graceful head lay on her

knee, during this discussion ; but Edward watched her face and thought he saw a pleased look steal over it when the decision was finally reached, and just then she looked up and met his earnest gaze, and all the beauty of the spring rushed into these two young hearts.

In the meantime Paul Annesley, who had now recovered from the temporary despondency which drove him away from home, was enjoying that lovely April afternoon with the intensity that he was wont to throw into his likes and dislikes, and was at that very moment driving along the dusty high-road as fast as the Admiral could trot, in the direction of Arden. A set of archery materials had arrived at the Manor, and he had received instructions to come over as soon as he could find time, to help the ladies learn shooting ; not that he waited for invitations to that house, but a valid excuse for wasting an hour there was extremely pleasant. He drove into the stable yard on reaching the Manor, and, hearing that the family were all in the garden, took his way thither without ceremony, and when he issued from the dark yew walk which opened into the lowest terrace saw a tableau which struck him dumb.

At the top of the long and broad turf walk was a target ; down against the house stood Alice in the act of drawing a bow, her hands being placed in the right position by Edward, whom he had every reason to suppose miles away. Sibyl, leaning upon a bow at some distance, was looking on, and teasing Alice for her want of skill. Mr. and Mrs. Rickman were watching the scene from beneath the apple-tree, and Hubert, sitting very straight on his tail, was gazing intently before him, evidently turning over in his mind whether he ought to permit so great a liberty to be taken with his mistress. Alice drew her bow, the arrow flew singing towards the target, the extreme edge of which it just grazed. Edward uttered a word of applause, which Sibyl joyously echoed ; nobody heard Paul's quick footfall upon the turf walk, except Hubert, who rose and thrust his muzzle into his hand, so that he stood for some moments silently watching the progress of the game with a deadly conviction that he was not wanted there. Perhaps Edward looked a little guilty when he saw his cousin, and took some quite needless trouble to explain how he came to be there, but perhaps it was only Paul's fancy.

"You have been before me, Ned," he said, after he had been duly welcomed, and in reply to these laboured explanations ;

"I came to start the shooting. You appear to be a past master in the craft."

"Oh! yes. We have a good deal of archery. I believe you are a good shot. Now we can have a regular match."

But Paul's pleasure in the pastime was gone, he scarcely knew why. He had a great mind to go away and say he was engaged, but on reflecting that this vengeance would fall only on himself, thought better of it and remained, apparently in the happiest mood.

CHAPTER II.

ARCHERY.

"And what do 'em call this yere sport?" asked Raysh Squire, who was helping the gardener in an extra spell of work at a little distance from the archers, and, having now finished setting in a row of young plants along a taut string, was pausing to contemplate his work with an admiring eye. "Zimple it looks; mis'able zimple."

"Archardry, they calls it," replied Jabez, finishing his own line of plants, and unbending his body slowly till he reached his normal height; "calls it archardry, along o' doing it nigh a archard. Poor sport, I 'lows; give me skittles or quoits."

"'Tis poor sport, Jabez," returned Raysh, impressively, "vur the likes of we. But I hreckon it 's good enough vur gentry. Mis'able dull they be, poor things, to be zure. My wuld ooman, she zes to me, 'Lard, how I pities they poor gentle-folk, Raysh,' she zes; 'vorced to zet wi' clane hands from morning to night athout zo much as a bit of vittles to hready,' she zes. Terble hard putt to they be to beat out the time athout siling their hands. Archardry 's good enough vur they, Jabez Young. But give me a gaame of bowls and a mug of harvest ale." And Raysh majestically bent his long body till he reached his line of string, which he pulled up and posted further on, when he dibbled a second row of holes along its course, Jabez, a stout fellow in the prime of life, looking on admiringly till Raysh was half-way down his row, when it occurred to him to pull up his own line and post it afresh.

"I dunno," Jabez observed, when he had planted half this line, "but what I'd as zoon hae nothen to do mezelf."

"Ah, you dunno what's good vor 'ee," returned Raysh, with tolerant contempt; "you ain't never ben tried that way, Jabez;

your calling is entirely geniral. So zoon as you putts zummat into ground, zummat comes out on't, and you never zets down, zo to zay. Now buryen 's entirely different."

"You med zay zo, Raysh Squire," said Jabez; "what you putts into ground bides a powerful long time there, I 'lows."

"I 'lows it do, Jabez, when putt in in a eddicated way. I've a-knowed they as turns over coffins what ain't more than a score o' years old. Buryen of mankind, Jabez Young, is a responsive traäde; 'taint everybody, mind, what's equal to it. You med take your oath of that. You minds when the Queen zent vor me to Belminster about that there bigamy job, when Sally White vound out Jim had had two missuses aready? Passun and me sweared we married 'em regular. Pretty nigh drove me crazy, that did. There they kept me two martial days athout zo much as a bell to pull or a church to clane. Two martial days I bid about they there streets till I pretty nigh gaped my jaws out o' jint. I'd a give vive shiln if I could a brought my church and churchyard along wi' me, or had as a babby to christen, or so much as a hrow of taties to dig. 'Missus,' I sez to the ooman what kept the house we bid in, 'wullee let me chop a bit o' vire-ood vor ee? I be that dull,' I zes. 'Iss, that I ool!' she zes. 'And the moor you chops the better you'll plaze me,' she zes, and she laffed, I 'lows that ooman did laff. Zimmed as though I'd a lost meself. 'Where's Raysh Squire?' I zimmed to zay inzide o' mezelf all day long. But zo zoon as I heft that ar chopper, I zimmed to come right agen. 'I minds who I be now,' sez I. 'I be Raysh Squire, clerk and zexton o' Arden parish, aye, that I be,' and dedn't I chop that ar ooman's ood!"

"I never ben to Belminster; mis'able big plaäce, bent it?"

"Big enough, but ter'ble dull; nothen to zee but shops and churches over and over agen. Jim White, he took me along to zee the place. We went and gaped at the cathedral; powerful big he was—I 'lows you'd stare if you zeen he. Jim, he shown me a girt yeld wi' trees in it outside of 'en, and girt houses pretty nigh so big as the Manor yender all hround. 'This here's the Close,' he zes. 'But where be the beästes?' zes I. 'Beästes?' a zes, 'Goo on wi' ye, ye girt zote,' a zes; 'there baint no beästes in this yer Close. 'Tis passuns they keeps here, taint beästes!' Zure enough, there was passuns gwine in and out o' they housen, and a girt high wall all hround to pen 'em in. Ay, they keeps em there avore they makes em into bishops," he

explained, with a magnificent air of wisdom, fully justified in this instance by his ecclesiastical profession. Jabez reflected while he slowly digested this piece of information.

The old-fashioned garden lay on a slope, the vegetable portion being only separated from the flower-borders on either side the broad turf walks which intersected it, by espalier fruit-trees, now studded with the crimson silk balls of the apple, or veiled with the fragrant snow of the pear, so that the archery party on the turf were well seen by the labourers on the soil, and *vice versâ*. Jabez went on planting another row in meditative silence, until an unusually wild shot from Sibyl sent an arrow over the flower-border, through some lines of springing peas, into a potato-bed, when he stopped and called out in loud reproof:

"You med so well hae the pegs in if you be gwine on like that there," he growled, when he had found the arrow and brought it back; "the haulm's entirely broke, Miss Sibyl, that 'tes."

"Never mind, Jabez," she replied soothingly, "it is the first time;" and she added something about wire-netting.

"Vust time!" he grumbled, returning to his cabbages, "A onbelieven young vaggot! I never zee such a mayde vur mischief. Miss Alice, she never doos like that."

"Aye, Jabez Young, Miss Alice is a vine-growed mayde and well-mannered as ever I zee," returned Raysh, "but she's powerful high. She doos well enough Zundays and high-days when there's sickness or death, but I 'lows she's most too high vur work-a-days. Give me tother one work-a-days."

"Aye, Raysh, you was always zet on she."

"I warnt I was. I warnt I be terble zet on that ar mayde, I be. I minds her no bigger than six penneth o' hapence, a jumping into a grave alongside o' dear wuld Raysh, a hiding from her governess; well I minds she. I couldn't never abide buoys, but that ar mayde, I was terble zet on she. I warnt I was. She caint do nothun athout Raysh, 'tes Raysh here and Raysh there. She's growed up mis'able pretty. All the young chaps is drawed after she, 'tother one's too high vor em. She aint vur work-a-days, Miss Alice aint. She thinks a powerful dale of me, too, do Miss Alice, she always hev a looked up to me, zame as Miss Sibyl there. Never plays nothen on the organ, athout I likes. Its 'How do that goo, Raysh?' or 'Baint that slow enough, Raysh?' Ay, they thinks a powerful lot of me, they maydes."

"Miss Alice is the prettier spoke," said Jabez. "Ah! there

goos that young vaggot again ! Hright athirt my beäns ! Take em all hround, I 'lows you won't find two better-mannered young ladies than ourn in all the country zide."

"I warnt you wunt, Jabez Young, or two what shows more respect to they as knows better than theirselves. I never wouldn't hae no zaäce vrom em when they was little. A power o' thought I've a giv' to they maydes' manners, to be zure, a power of thought. Mr. Gervase too, as onbelievin a buoy as ever I zee, and that voreright he couldn't hardly hold hisself together, and a well-spoken young vellow he's growed up. Our Mr. Horace wont be nothen to he. Passun he spared the hrod and I 'lows he've a spiled the child, as is hwrote in the Bible." And he bent over the fragrant earth again with a slow smile of complacency extending the wrinkles of his face laterally, unconsciously cheered as he worked by the merry call of a cuckoo, the melody of the song-birds, the voices of the archers and the frequent and musical laugh of Sibyl.

"There never was such a mayde for laughen!" Raysh observed of his favourite, "that open-hearted !"

Alice laughed more rarely, though she, too, could laugh musically. It is odd that only women and children laugh gracefully ; grown men, if they venture beyond a restrained chuckle, bluster out into an absurd crowing falsetto or a deep blatant haw-haw, infectious, mirth-provoking, but utterly undignified. Gervase Rickman knew this, and since the loss of his boy-voice had not laughed aloud, except at public meetings, when he produced an ironical laugh of practised excellence, which was calculated to discomfit the most brazen-nerved speaker. When he came home that evening and heard his sister's pretty laugh wafted across the sunny flowery garden, amid the music of the black-birds and the cooing of the far-off doves, something in it—it may have been the certainty that it was too joyous to last, it may have been the tragic propinquity of deep joy to sorrow—touched his heart with vague pain. For Sibyl was the darling of his heart ; he was proud of her beauty and talents, and cherished for her schemes and visions which he was too wise to give voice to.

He too was dismayed at the unexpected apparition of the younger Annesley, but he did not realize the full horror of the situation, since he naturally concluded that he had come in Paul's train, and would leave with him before long.

He declined to shoot, with the remark that lookers-on see

most, and sat beneath the apple-tree with his father, on whom the pleasantness of the scene and the unusual beauty of the day had prevailed over the charms of the pre-Adamite bone for an hour or two, and his mother, who had fallen completely into the womanly groove of enjoying life at second-hand.

Though they looked upon the same scene, the son and the parents saw each a different picture. It was a pleasant scene in its way. The old-fashioned garden, with its bands of deep velvet turf, its fairy troops of tall narcissus drawn up in the borders, their slender green lances firmly poised, their shining flower-faces turned as if in sympathy with their youth and beauty to the young people near them; with the evening sunbeams touching the living snow of pear and cherry on the net-work of fruit-trees in blossom with a glow as ethereal as that which departing day kindles on Alpine summits; and with the stern grey ridge of the downs outlined against the sky in the background. The square massive tower catching the warm sunlight on the right, and the dark firs, darker by contrast with the bright sky, on the left, made a pretty setting for the group of archers on the green beneath the crimson apple-bloom. Such was the actual picture, but Heaven only knows what Gervase saw besides.

Nor could any one guess what visions, hopes, ambitions and restless schemes passed through his busy brain as he strolled about with a tranquil, thoughtful air. Nor did any one suspect the less vehement ambition, though not less vehement passion, concealed by the smile upon Paul's scarred face, and flashing fitfully in his dark-blue eyes, the occasional spasms of anguish that tore him and the struggle that raged within him, or the deep feeling that gave Edward's features a more spiritual beauty, or the vestal flame of unconscious passion that burnt on the altars of the two girls' hearts.

Alice had forgotten her recent melancholy, and when she remembered it later, thought it only natural that the arrival of an unexpected guest and the interest of the archery should disperse the temporary cloud and put her in unusual spirits, while Sibyl, who was more introspective and who sometimes rebelled against the monotony of their simple life, was conscious of a tranquil expectancy that cast a glamour over everything and gave the very apple-blossoms a new beauty.

The few words which passed between Edward and Paul Annesley that night were of such a nature that the former came to the conclusion that something must have disagreed with the

doctor. But indigestion is not the direst scourge of humanity. Jealousy is far more painful.

Not that the unfortunate young man yielded to it. His better nature revolted against it. He reflected on Edward's promise and on his admiration of Sibyl, and succeeded for a time in stifling the flame of this uncomfortable passion, when a trivial incident made the smouldering fire blaze up with redoubled fury.

Alice, wearing some narcissus in her dress, was bending to pick up her glove, when she dropped a flower without perceiving it. Edward, who was just behind her, stooped as she passed on, and, with a rapid dexterity which must have baffled any but the Argus eyes of jealousy, caught the flower up and hid it in his coat, occupied apparently all the time in stringing a bow.

Only Paul saw the flower episode; he saw and felt and turned pale, a symptom of mental perturbation which did not escape Gervase Rickman, who pondered upon it.

Gnawed as he was by these jealous feelings, Paul could not tear himself from the scene which constantly renewed his sufferings, but lingered till the twilight, when it was still so warm that Gervase's violin was brought out and part-songs were sung, till a nightingale began its golden gurgle hard by and charmed them all into silence.

Perhaps it was something in Sibyl's face, upturned with a rapt look towards the ruddy mass of apple-bloom, as she listened to the splendid song, which enlightened her brother, and so wrought upon him that he drew his bow fiercely across the strings of the violin, and using a minor key, played with such pathos that it seemed as if he were touching the sensitive chords of his own heart and thus wrought upon those of his listeners. He knew now why Sibyl was so deeply interested in military things and made such martial poems, why she had enquired specially into the functions of artillery and the degree of peril to which artillery officers are exposed when in action, and he saw through the innocent artifice which assigned reasons for this sudden interest and made her avoid the most casual reference to one particular artillerist. Then he thought of Edward's evident admiration for Sibyl, and the attentions he had paid her, and resolved that Edward should marry her, a consummation that, as he thought, his strong will and subtle brain could certainly bring about. There was nothing on earth so dear to him as Sibyl's happiness, he imagined, scarcely even his own; and his melodies grew wilder and more heart-piercing, as he thought these things.

"I never remember such weather for April," Sibyl said later, feeling vaguely that a day so exceptional could not be repeated.

"There has been no such April since you were born," her father replied. "Too good to last."

Yet it lasted through the three idyllic days that Edward Annesley spent at Arden.

CHAPTER III.

SUNSET ON ARDEN DOWN.

Passing footsteps were so rare on the lonely road which led past the "Traveller's Rest," that it was scarcely possible for any to go unheard by at least one of the inmates of that solitary dwelling. Ellen Gale had listened for them as a break in life's monotony when in health and actively employed, and now in the long solitary silences of her fading life, they had become the leading events of day and night, and much practice had taught her to discriminate them with such nicety that she could tell from their peculiar ring on the hard road whether they were those of youth or age, man or woman, gentle or simple. Sometimes on a Sunday afternoon there would be a double footfall, light, yet lingering, and she knew that sweethearts were passing, and wondered what the end of their wooing might be. And then at times some memory stabbed her to the heart, and she turned her face to the wall.

"Quanti dolci pensier, quanto disio
Mendò costoro——"

cried Dante, his pity mingled with something akin to envy, when he met the lovers of Rimini, united for ever in the terrible tempestuous hell, whither so many sweet thoughts had brought them.

Sitting at the window one bright April evening Ellen heard the heavy, dragging steps of a labouring man whose youth was worn out of him, and she knew by their ring on the road that they were those of Daniel Pink, the shepherd.

"You goo on, Eln," cried her father, sceptically, when she told him who was coming, "you caint tell by the sound."

"I warnt she can," corrected Mam Gale, Jacob's mother, who was moving about before the hearth-fire, busy with ironing, "terble keen of hearing she be, to be zure."

Ellen smiled with innocent triumph when she perceived the

weather-beaten form of the shepherd turn in at the wicket, and clank with a heavy angular gait over the large flints with which the court was pitched, followed by his shaggy dog.

"Aye, here ee be, zurely, Jacob," said Mam Gale, looking up from her ironing with a slow smile. "Come on in, Dan'l," she added, raising her voice to a shrill pitch. "How be ye?"

"Evening," said the shepherd, stumbling heavily over the flagged floor of the kitchen, and dropping himself on to a settle by the fire, while Jacob Gale briefly acknowledging his entrance by a sullen nod, and a "Warm s'evenen," kept his seat on the opposite side of the fire, and smoked on.

"How d' ye zim, Eln?" asked the shepherd, after some minutes' silence, during which the click of Mam Gale's iron and the song of the kettle on the fire were heard.

Ellen replied cheerfully that she was better, wonderfully better, and hoped to get out in a day or two; and she looked yearningly out of the window, where she could see the blue sky and some martins, who were busy building a nest in the thatched eave above with much happy twittering and fuss.

"Ah!" growled her father, shaking his head, "they be allays like that in a decline, when they be took for death."

"Aye," cried Mam Gale, lugubriously, "poor things, they thinks they be pretty nigh well; towards the end they perks up. The many I've zeen goo, shepherd."

"Ellen med get up May hill," added Jacob, thoughtfully. "If she do, Annesley zays she med last on droo the summer."

"She's took for death, Nellie is," said Reuben, lounging in, dropping himself languidly upon a bench, and looking hard at his sister, who listened with a tranquil smile.

"When be ye gwine to 'Straylia, Reub?" asked the shepherd.

"Baint gwine avore Ellen's took," he replied.

"And he baint agwine then, Dan'l," added Mam Gale, suspending her ironing. "What call have he to goo vlying in the vaâce-o' Providence, when's time's come vor 'n to goo? Downright wicked I calls it."

"Well, Annesley zes, Reub 'll hae to goo long wi' t'others if he bides at home, mother," said Jacob, doubtfully.

"Zims as though you med zo well hae a chance to live, Reub," suggested the shepherd, taking the tankard Reuben brought him, and applying his bearded face to it; after which he paused, smacking his lips and pondering deeply upon the flavour of the draught before venturing upon another.

"If I've got to die, I med so well die at hoam," returned Reuben, slowly; "not but I med so well live," he added, dubiously.

"Let him go, father," said Ellen, "there is no call for him to die. Miss Lingard's known lots get well in Australia. Everything is different out there."

"I med so well live," repeated Reuben, wistfully.

"Everythink's upside down out there," said Mam Gale, contemptuously; "the minister he zes to me, ee zes, volks walks along head downwards over there, ee zes."

"And that's what Willum Black zes, zure enough," echoed Jacob, solemnly, "'s brother went out 'Straylia; ee zes as how the zun hrises evenings when volks wants to go to bed, and goes down agen mornings when 't is time to get up, out there."

"I warnt 'tis a terble zart of a plaäce," added Reuben mournfully. "Christmas time, Willum zes, 't is hotter than hot zummer weather."

"Zo they zes," added Mam Gale, dubiously. "Volk zays there's winter right in the middle o' summer there."

"That's a big un to swallow," commented Jacob, rising slowly and going to the hearth to knock the ashes out of his pipe.

"How do the carn grow if they gets winter weather in zummer-time?" asked the shepherd, after profound meditation.

Reuben doubtfully supposed that it grew in the winter, and silent meditation followed, broken only by Mam Gale's reiterated assertions to the accompaniment of the clicking iron that "volk med zo well be buried comfortable in Arden church lytten, as goo about head downwards out there."

"A-ah!" growled Jacob, before leaving the room to receive an approaching customer, "I don't hold wi' these yer new-fangled notions. Volk used to die natural deaths, right zide uppermost in my young days."

"Zure enough, Reub," added his grandmother, "we never yeared talk of Straylia when I was a gal. Me and my vather we never went vurther than Medington in all our barn days. Vust time I went I was a ooman growed. I 'lows I did stare when I zeed the shops and all the Johns and Molls in market hready to bargain.* Many a Middlemass I've a bin in Medington zence, but I warnt I never stared that hard no more."

"My missus," observed the shepherd, seizing an opportunity for which he had long been waiting, and diving deep into the

* To be hired for the year.

recesses of his garments for something which he extracted with difficulty, "she ben in Medington to-day. She buyed these yer aranges vor ee, Eln." And he produced two large ripe oranges, for which Ellen thanked him heartily.

"I'm that thirsty after the cough," she said.

"My missus zeen em in Medington, and she minded ye," the shepherd said apologetically, looking with a beaming face at the oranges, which from long propinquity to it were almost as warm as the good fellow's heart; "taint only dree pence, she zaid, and Ellen Gale med so well hae em when she can get em. Hreckon they're sweet."

"It was very kind," replied Ellen; and the shepherd sank into a pleased silence, and gazed steadily at the pretty fading girl and at the oranges on the window-sill before her beside the bunch of wall-flowers and polyanthus he had silently placed there on his entrance.

"Mis'ble zet on vlowers, my missus is," he continued. "'Let the vlowers bide longside of the taäties,' she zes, 'vlowers don't ate nothing.' Taäties is vlower enough vur me."

"Flowers don't do here," Ellen said, "it is too keen. The doctor says it's too keen for me, but healthy for sound chesteis."

"Some thinks Dr. Annesley aint wold enough for his work," the shepherd said; "Davis is the man for they."

"If Annesley aint wold enough aready, he never will be, Dan'l Pink," retorted Mam Gale with decision. "He've a helped dree on us off. I don't hold with new-vangled things. Give me a doctor what hev zeen all our volks off comfortable."

"I hreckon Davis hev buried a tidy lot," urged the shepherd in a controversial tone. "Come to that, he and his vather avore un have helped so many under ground as Annesley and his vather put together."

"Ah! you med talk, Dan'l Pink," retorted Mam Gale, tossing her ironed linen aside with scorn, "but you wunt vind a cleverer dacter than ourn in a week o' Zundays. 'Svather wold Annesley was cleverer drunk than any of t'others sober."

"You med well say that, mother," added Jacob, returning at that moment; "you minds when he come in one wet day and dranked a pint of best spirits straight off. Zes to me, when he went away, he zes, 'Don't you never marry a 'ooman with a tongue, Jacob Gale, or you med want to wet yourn with summat stronger than water.' Didn't zim no drunker than Dan'l there, that a didn't."

"I never yeard the wold chap dranked avore," said Daniel, meditatively.

"You med live to make wuld boäns, Master Pink, and there med be a power o' things left you never knowed," commented Mam Gale, attacking one of Jacob's best shirts with a virtuous fury that made her iron rattle loudly: "There's a vast o' things to know in this yer world, I warn't, let alone t'other."

"It wasn't knowed not to zay in a general way," added Jacob, "'wold chap knowed how to carr 's liquor and a didn't drink reg'lar. Married the wrong ooman, that's where 'twas."

"Aye, she was a vast too good vor 'n," added Mam Gale; "her family was high and her ways was high, and he knowed he wasn't the biggest man in 's own house. That's the way with men. They can't abide to be zecond best indoors, whatever they med be outdoors."

"Zure enough, a ooman didn't ought to be better than a man, 't aint natural like," commented Jacob. "It's agen the Bible; vur why? Eve yet the apple, and Adam he thought he med so well jine in."

"Let he alone vur that when ee zeen 'twas a hripe un," commented Mam Gale severely.

The shepherd was so struck by Jacob's observation, that he remained silently gazing at the window, through which the glories of an April sunset could be seen diffused over the wide reach of sky, for five full minutes, while his rough-coated dog, who had followed him in and lain tranquilly dozing at his feet, roused by the thoughtful look on his master's face, sat up and watched him, hoping for a signal to move.

While the shepherd gazed thus, he observed a change in Ellen's face, which was just before him, framed by the scanty cotton window curtain, the wicker bird-cage above and the piece of sunlit green outside showing through the small panes—a change like that in the sky when the red flush of sunset spread across it a moment before, a brightening of hue and a sublimation of expression which filled him with awe. "She's a thinking of kingdom come, where she's bound before long," he reflected.

But it was a more tangible gladness, though it partook of the deepest charm of that undiscovered land, the joy in what is higher and dearer than self, which thus transfigured Ellen's pretty hectic face; it was the sight of two figures whose outlines were traced upon the pink-flushed sky, two young figures followed by a stately deer-hound, which evidently followed an

accustomed path ; they talked as they went, their faces lighted with the changing rose-tints of the tranquil evening.

"Miss Lingard ! so late !" exclaimed Ellen.

"And young Mr. Annesley, visiting there long with her," commented Reuben, rising and looking out.

"I hreckon she've vound somebody to keep company with at last," added Mam Gale, comprehending the situation at a glance. "She haint somehow drawed the chaps on avore. Personable she be and pleasant spoke as ever I known. But t'other one hev's all the sweethearts. Menvolk never knows what's what."

Little did Alice imagine the construction that would be put upon this innocent evening stroll. Reuben's disinclination, or rather that of his friends, to the emigration scheme Paul and Alice had arranged together, had been discussed in family conclave that day, and Edward had again brought forward his suggestion that Reuben, if still sound, should enlist in an India-bound regiment and thus get the benefit of a few warm winters. Alice had just started to broach the subject that evening, when Sibyl suddenly suggested that Edward had better follow her, and thus explain clearly what he intended.

"A capital idea," added innocent Mrs. Rickman. "You will soon overtake her if you make haste."

He did not wait for a second bidding, and Alice had not crossed the first field before Edward was by her side.

He was to leave Arden next morning, and the consciousness of this brought something into his manner that he would not otherwise have suffered. He spoke of his prospects, the earliest date at which he hoped to be promoted, and the chances of remunerative employment open to him, and Alice listened with a courteous attention, beneath which he hoped rather than saw something warmer. He referred to the Swiss tour projected by the Rickmans for the autumn, and to his own intention, favoured by Mrs. Rickman, of making the same tour at the same time, and they both agreed that, to make the excursion perfect, Paul, whose mother was to be of the party, should manage to be with them.

Nothing more of a personal nature was said, but they each felt that this evening walk made a change in their lives, putting a barrier between all the days which went before and all that were to follow after. They strolled slowly along in the delicious air, pausing to see the purple hills dark against the translucent western sky, the colouring of which spread upwards, first gold, then primrose and pale green edged with violet, to clearest blue,

just flecked by little floating clouds like cars of gold and pearl ; pausing to look eastward across the plain to the line of grey-blue sea, and to listen to some deeper burst of melody from the woods and sky ; pausing, above all, at the chalk quarry, a mysterious melancholy place, haunted by legends and traditions. Standing, as they did, on the high-road leading past the wide entrance to it, they saw a broad level of white chalk, broken here and there by a milky pool, a small tiled hut and dark shadow-like spots, upon which a slow accretion of mould had encouraged a faint green growth, half moss, half grass, and surrounded by an almost semicircular wall of grey chalk cliff with a narrow dark outline of turf, drawn with sharp accuracy between it and the sky. This cold pale cliff was shaded and veined here and there, where no quarrying had been recently done, by such beginnings of vegetation as clouded the ground, and broken further by one or two black spots, which were caves, haunted by gruesome traditions. Some ravens flew croaking from their holes in the cliff-face with a grim effect, which the swallows darting about in the sunshine and the larks singing above could not wholly neutralize.

Perhaps it was the sense of contrast between themselves and this desolate scene that made them linger in fascinated silence before it, and while they lingered, the light changed, the sinking sunbeams filled the sky with molten gold, and the rampart of cliff turned from ghastly grey to warm yellow ; then it glowed deep orange, and at last it blushed purest rose.

"I shall never forget this," Edward said, when they turned and he saw the face of Alice suffused with rose-light against the rose-red cliffs.

A few more steps took them to the inn on the crest of the hill. The shepherd rose and left at their approach, and the new-comers entered the kitchen, which seemed dark after the brightness outside. Mam Gale's figure loomed black against the firelight behind her. Her wrinkled bronzed face, surrounded by a white-frilled cap tied under her chin, beamed with welcome ; her purple-veined, labour-darkened hands and arms, which were always visible below the small plaid shawl pinned tightly over her bowed shoulders, ceased to ply the iron, as she came forwards to hand chairs to the visitors. The dull glow from the hearth emphasized rather than dispersed the gloom of the low smoke-browned kitchen, so that it was scarcely possible to see even the shining crockery on the black oak dresser, the two great china dogs and brass candlesticks on the high chimney-piece and the

gaily coloured prints on the walls, and the eye turned with relief to the small window, where the fading light came through the tiny leaded panes upon the flowers and sleeping bird and centred itself on the face of Ellen, turned towards the sky as if awaiting a benediction, while the men's faces were in shadow. Alice went to the window and kissed Ellen's too brightly tinted face, her own looking more healthy by contrast, and the sight of the two young women, illumined by the last fading rays of light, touched Edward deeply and made a picture that long afterwards he liked to dwell upon. He remained silent, while Alice took the chair offered her and plunged at once into the subject of Reuben's enlistment, a proposal received at first with stupefied dismay.

Mam Gale dropped thunderstruck upon a chair, regardless of the pile of freshly ironed caps she crushed beneath her. "Our Hreub goo vur a soldier," she cried, when her indignation at last found voice; "Hreub what never dranked nor done aught agen the Commandments! Our Hreuben 'list! We've a zeen a vast of trouble, Miss Lingard, but we never known disgrace avore!"

Alice ventured to say that Mr. Annesley had broken no Commandments, as far as she knew, and that his friends were glad when he went for a soldier; to which Mam Gale replied with dignity that she wondered that Miss Lingard knew no better than to forget what Reuben owed to his position in life. "Taint no harm vur gentlefolk, they can do without characters and haint no call to be respectable," she said; "but our Hreub, what have always looked up to hisself, it do zim cruel to let he down."

Jacob was too horrified to utter a word of remonstrance; but Ellen, whose imagination was fired by a vision of her brother in regimentals, went so far as to say that she had heard of respectable soldiers. Reuben eagerly corroborated her, and Jacob and his mother had so far recovered from the shock as to listen to Edward's proposals, when the sound of wheels was heard, a vehicle stopped at the wicket, and Paul Annesley's firm, quick steps struck the courtyard flints and stone passage, and he came with cheery energy, unannounced as usual, into the firelit kitchen.

"Sorry I'm so late, Mam Gale, I was called out of my way. Ellen still up? That's right, my lass;" he had proceeded thus far, his hearty, mellow voice filling the kitchen with a breath of hope and health, when he became aware of the two figures seated near each other by the window, and he stopped, as if thunderstruck, a fiery spark flashing from his eyes.

"We had better go," Alice said, turning to Edward, as she

rose, after acknowledging Paul's entrance. "Good-bye, Ellen, we must not take up the doctor's time."

There was something in this "we" that acted upon Paul like fire upon gunpowder, and he viciously ground his teeth.

He assured them that there was no need for them to go, but they went nevertheless, and he then stood before the window, talking to Ellen. He looked out into the violet dusk, watching intently while the two figures lessened and finally disappeared, and Ellen wondered at the strange look on the face, which she had only known hitherto full of kindness and good-humour, and at the preoccupied manner that made him ask the same questions over again. His visit was as brief as he could make it. An irresistible power drew him; he sprang quickly to his seat and set the Admiral off at his best pace, but avoided the nearest way home, choosing that which led past Arden Cross.

The fleeting glory was gone from the chalk quarry, which showed desolate in its pale gloom, and seemed a fit abode for spectres. A figure springing up behind a heap of stones by the road made the Admiral shy violently, and though it proved to be only that of a loitering child, Thomas, the coachman, trembled all over and was bathed in a cold perspiration, for he knew that ghosts haunted the pit. As for his master, he punished the Admiral's mistake with such severity that the horse tore down the hill like a whirlwind, jerking the light dog-cart from side to side, and obliging the frightened Thomas to cling on with his hands, while the white-heat of passion kept his master firm, so firm that he was able to turn his head aside and gaze steadily across the dewy hedge-rows at the two figures walking through the fields to the Manor, until the bend of the road hid them from his passionate gaze.

CHAPTER IV.

MESSRS. WHEWELL AND RICKMAN.

The streets of Medington were all alive one sunny spring morning. Men were busy in the market-square placing hurdles for sheep and pigs; shopkeepers were turning their wares out of dark recesses, and arranging them on the pavements, to the great discomfort of passengers; carts—laden with wicker baskets, whence issued mournful cackles and quacks of remonstrance from victims unconscious of their death-doom, and all sorts

of country produce, including stout market-women—rolled slowly into the town, drawn by thoughtful horses, who ventured upon no step without first duly pondering its advisability; small flocks of meekly protesting yet docile sheep, and disorderly herds of loudly rebellious and recalcitrant pigs, were beginning to enter the streets from divergent country roads; housemaids giving the bell-pulls an extra Saturday cleaning, loitered over their work, and looked up and down the street, to catch sight of country friends; clerks and shopmen wished the day over and Sunday morning come with its quiet: it was market day, the least sabbatical and most bustling of the seven.

Daniel Pink was passing slowly along the High Street, his little frightened flock bleating and panting ahead of him, and seizing every opportunity for blundering into false positions to an extent that almost deprived Rough the dog of reason in the passionate indignation it aroused in his shaggy breast. Daniel laid his crook in this direction and that, and spread out his arms and grunted to his four-footed lieutenant, and was so engrossed in taking his charges safely past the vehicles and pitfalls, in the shape of open doors through which they were eager to dart, that until he was some distance past he forgot to look as usual at Paul Annesley's door, to see if cherry-cheeked Martha, his daughter, was on the look-out. Then he threw the bunch of flowers he had carried in for her with such accurate aim that she caught it just in time to prevent its striking the face of her master, who opened the door behind her, and to her dire confusion came out at that moment.

"Wallflowers, Martha? Curious things to clean brass with, eh?" he said, with a good-tempered smile; and he stepped briskly down the street, his face darkening when he remembered the scene at the "Traveller's Rest" the night before.

The shepherd had been thinking of the same scene as he came along. He had related the conversation to his wife on his return to his lonely cottage, so that they had remained up beyond their usual hour talking over the dying fire; they would probably discuss the new light thrown upon Walter Annesley's character and that of his wife for weeks, and Mrs. Pink would for many days declare in the same words her conviction that it was better to die right side uppermost in England than to tempt Providence by journeying to a world in which everything was upside down, and the very Commandments were by analogy reversed; while Daniel would as frequently observe that they

raised a "terble lot of ship" out there, that he had once known a steady youth who enlisted when crossed in love, and that Ellen might possibly see the harvest carried home.

After the last saying he would generally be silent for some time, wondering to what unknown land Ellen would journey then. A great part of Daniel Pink's time was spent in wondering; the few events of his own and other lives, however deeply pondered upon, were soon exhausted, and then there were long lonely hours in sunshine and storm, on the wide windy downs, under the shelter of a bent thorn or a wind-bowed hedge, in the silent nights when great flocks of stars passed in orderly procession over the vast black chasms of space above him, or the hurtling storm swept round him—long empty hours that had to be filled with thoughts and imaginings of some voiceless kind. And sometimes the musings of rough and simple shepherds are grander, and their unspoken sense of the mystery and beauty which enfolds their obscure lives is deeper, than we imagine.

Gervase Rickman on his way to his office through the market, nodded condescendingly to the well-known weather-beaten figure standing among the pens. If he thought of him at all, it was as a slightly superior animal. Who expects to find a poet or a prophet beneath a smock frock or fustian jacket?

Gervase hurried along to his office, which stood just off the market-square, full of thoughts, for the most part commonplace, even sordid, principally concerning the business affairs of half the county. He was later than he intended to be, and found the day's work in full swing when he stepped into the outer office, whose occupants suddenly became very diligent on his entrance. He took in every detail as he passed swiftly through, and sprang up the stairs to his own private room, followed by the white-headed clerk, who had been the confidential servant, and, by virtue of his service, master, of the firm of Whewell and Rickman before Gervase was born.

The room had a bow-window, giving upon a street which crossed the High Street at right angles, and commanding a view of both these streets and the broad market-place at their junction. This window differed from those usual to lawyer's offices because it was clean, and its transparent panes were obscured only to a moderate height by a wire blind, transparent to those within the room, though opaque from without. Rickman's desk was so placed, that while sitting at it he could, if so minded, observe all that was passing in the focus of town

life beneath this window. Not that he enjoyed such leisure as to need window-gazing to fill it up, for more business was done in that bow-windowed room than in any other in the town.

He was vexed at being a little late on this bustling market-day, and still more vexed at the cause of his delay, which was a woman. He hastened to sign the letters before him, while his roving glance swept the street as he listened to the old clerk's communications.

"Dr. Annesley called and was much put out," the latter said ; "he could not wait, as he was starting on his country rounds. He wrote this note." The note was brief.

"I must have that money, no matter at what interest," it ran. "Could I raise some upon the Gledesworth prospects? Call before you leave town to-day.—P. A."

"My good fellow, why will you mix with rich and idle men?" Rickman thought to himself.

"That will do, Hughes," he said, and the old clerk left him to his work, and there was silence in the room, broken only by the rapid course of the lawyer's pen.

His face was heavy with care, and he was not quite so sure as he had been of the potency of human will, and especially of his own. The check Alice Lingard had given him two days before on Arden Down, when he had formally asked her to marry him, hurried on to decisive measures by the necessity of putting a stop to Edward Annesley's apparent designs, was severe and far less easy to bear than he had anticipated—for he was too good an observer not to have known that Alice would never accept his first offer ; he relied upon time and circumstance, the power of his will and the continued stress of his passion, which was patient as well as ardent, to win her.

"My mother," he reflected, while another portion of his active brain was occupied with the subject beneath his pen, "is the most amiable of human beings, but she is the most simple and unobservant. My father has talents, but with all that concerns human life and conduct he is an infant in arms. How on earth Sibyl and I came by our brains, Heaven alone knows ; on the whole we should be thankful that we have any. If that stupid little Sib would but take a fancy to Paul she might catch him at the rebound. And Paul has expectations. Paul saw them together last night and enjoyed it as much as I did. But women are so unreliable, they upset all one's calculations, one never knows what they will do next. As for that good-looking

fool——” Gervase sighed and paused in his work ; he did not like to admit to himself that he had made too light of him, yet he feared it, and when he thought of Sibyl’s secret he burned with hatred for the man who had so deeply touched her heart. He looked out upon the thickening stream of passengers in the street and saw one of whom he made a mental note, and went on writing with the under-current thought that nothing was any good without Alice, and that the very passion of his desire for her love was sufficient warrant for his winning it. “And what a man she might make of me !” he thought, perhaps with some dim deeply hidden notion of propitiating Providence with the promise of being good if he could but get his coveted toy.

While his rapid pen flew over the paper he recalled the beginning of this attachment, now fast developing into a passion.

It was Alice’s seventeenth birthday, and he was talking to his father about her affairs, when the latter remarked that she had now grown a tall young woman.

“And we shall lose her, Gervase,” he added. “She will marry early. Besides her good looks, she has what men value more, money.”

Then Gervase thought how convenient her little fortune would be to a man in his position, and reflected further that, ambitious as he was, he could not reasonably expect to find a better match. While thus musing, he strolled out into the garden and saw Alice, yesterday one of “the children,” an overgrown girl, an encumbrance or a toy, according to the humour of the moment, gathering flowers, unconscious of his observation. It was a different Alice that he saw that day ; the child was gone, giving place to a young creature who compelled his homage. He offered her his birthday congratulations with deference, his manner had a new reserve. “She shall be my wife,” he said to himself with a beating heart.

Three years had passed but this purpose had not faltered. Then came the check on Arden Down. This occurred at a gipsy excursion by the Manor party during which he found himself alone with her. He knew that it was too early to press his suit, but Edward Annesley’s visit to the Manor forced his hand.

Alice hoped that it was but a passing fancy and tried to impress this view of the affair upon him. “You are making a mistake,” she said ; “you would not be happy with me. I have not even ambition. Let us forget this, dear Gervase. Otherwise

I must leave you. I hope you will not drive me away from Arden. It is my only home."

They were standing by a gate on the down, looking over the plain, which stretched away with its budding trees half veiled in leafage to the blue belt of sea; cowslips nodded in the hedge near them; the great spring chorus of birds was borne faintly from the valleys up to their airy height; the world was full of music and beauty. Gervase looked straight into Alice's eyes and fascinated her by the magnetism of his glance, and he spoke as if moved by a power beyond his control.

"It is no mistake," he said. "You are the one woman for me. And I will win you," he added in deep, almost menacing tones. "It may be years first. But I *will* win you, I *shall* win you. Yes; in spite of yourself."

Alice trembled; she could not withdraw her fascinated gaze from his. The air of conviction with which he spoke seemed prophetic; her heart beat painfully; she was on the verge of tears.

But she was no weakling; she summoned all her forces to meet and defy him. "How dare you speak like that!" she said in cold, cutting tones.

"I dare," he replied, with inward trembling but outward determination, "because I love. Forgive me, Alice," he added more gently, when she turned away with a look of scorn, "I was carried away. Forget my words. Forget my folly. Let us be as we were before."

Then tears came to her relief. She quickly checked them, smiled once more, and there was peace between them. After that he was careful to suppress all traces of the lover in his manner, and she was gradually reassured. He was also careful to draw her observations to the attentions which Edward Annesley appeared to pay to Sibyl, and to confide to her his approval of the match.

That Edward was winning Alice's heart was bitter to Gervase; that he was winning Sibyl's, and threatening to spoil her life, was almost more bitter. He resolved that Sibyl's life should not be spoiled; he determined to bring Annesley to book, and show him that he was bound in honour to marry her. But this step needed the most subtle treatment; the slightest mistake would be fatal. Besides, he feared to precipitate whatever designs Annesley might have with regard to Alice, by premature interference, and contented himself with being at Arden as much as possible during Edward's visit, and making arrangements to keep him

apart from Alice during his absence, in which small schemes he was greatly aided by the transparent simplicity of his mother.

Truly this unfortunate young man had more than enough to burden his active brain, and just when it was important, in view of the approaching county election, to give his mind entirely to political affairs. Women seemed to be made expressly to torment and perplex mankind, as Raysh Squire observed of boys. If Sibyl, whom he loved with an instinctive clinging affection almost as deep as his self-love, had been but a man. "But then," he reflected, "perhaps we should have wanted the same woman. That fatal sex would still have ruined all."

He had hitherto said that he would not live without Alice; now he found that he could not. Wealth, success, power and position, things that he had yearned for and purposed to win by the strength of his intellect and energy, suddenly lost all value in themselves; without Alice they were no good.

"I must and I will have her," he muttered, while he dashed his pen fiercely into the ink-bottle, at the conclusion of his task.

His reflections were disturbed by the opening of the door; the not very usual sound of a lady's dress rustling over the matting was heard, and Mrs. Annesley met Gervase's fierce intense gaze with one of her seraphic smiles.

In an instant the young lawyer's glance fell, and changed to its everyday suavity as he rose with a smile, in which surprise and welcome were equally blended, to receive his unexpected visitor.

"You are doubtless surprised, Mr. Rickman," she said, taking the chair he placed for her, "that I should visit you instead of sending for you as usual. I have a reason."

"That is of course," replied Gervase. "You know I am always at your service at any moment."

"I thought your country clients would scarcely have arrived at this early hour, and I might therefore seize the opportunity of calling on you on my way home from morning prayers without attracting attention at home. My beloved son, Gervase, is, I fear, in sad difficulties."

"Indeed," returned Gervase, with a look of surprised interest, while he moved a paper softly over Paul's note, "I am sorry for that."

"Is it possible," continued Mrs. Annesley, studying his face with an astonished air, "that my dear boy has not consulted even you upon the subject?"

"My dear Mrs. Annesley," returned Gervase, laughing, "do you suppose that we lawyers discuss our client's affairs even to their nearest friends?"

"True," she replied, annoyed at herself. "I had forgotten Mr. Rickman for the moment, and was thinking of my young friend, Gervase. It is most probable that you know more of these unfortunate complications than I do, for my child, I cannot tell why," she added, applying her handkerchief to her eyes, "has not honoured me with his confidence. I feel this, Mr. Rickman, as only a sensitive and devoted woman can."

"Doubtless," he said, with courteous patience. "Hang the woman! why in the world does she come here plaguing me with her feelings?" he thought.—"You have reason, then, to suppose that Paul is in difficulties of some kind upon which he has not consulted you?" he added.

"Dr. Annesley," she continued with severe dignity, "has incurred debts of honour, which he does not find himself in a position to discharge without serious inconvenience. I need scarcely tell you, Mr. Rickman, that my son's income is most insufficient for a young man of his birth and tastes. His professional success has not as yet been by any means proportioned to his talents and energy. His youth is against him. It naturally prejudices those who have every confidence in his skill. My son is proud; he prefers to make his own way, and no longer accepts an allowance from me, as you are aware. I honour his independence, but"—here she dropped her dignity, and suddenly became natural in a burst of real feeling,—"I do think he might come to me in his trouble."

"I daresay," Gervase said soothingly, while Mrs. Annesley daintily dried her tears, "that if he is, as you think, hard up, he sees his way out of the scrape, and does not wish to worry you if he can possibly help himself."

"That is just what hurts me, Gervase," replied Mrs. Annesley, still oblivious of her dignity. "He might know that I would grudge him nothing. It is hard that a man of his birth and elegant manners should never indulge in the tastes and amusements natural to his age. And I am ready, as he might know, to incur any sacrifice to extricate him. I would rather live in a hovel than see my son unable to meet debts of honour."

"We all know what a devoted mother he has," said the politic Gervase. "I infer, then, that you wish to find him the money."

"Exactly, dear Gervase ; with your accustomed penetration you go straight to the point."

"Well, then," said Gervase, glancing unobserved at his watch, "why don't you mortgage some of your house-property ? That would be better than selling stock just now. How much does he want ?"

"That I believe you are in a better position to say than I am," she replied, with a dry little smile.

Gervase also smiled, and said that the mortgage should be effected at once, since he knew where to find the money, and in a surprisingly short time he contrived to get the whole of Mrs. Annesley's wishes expressed, and learnt that Paul was to be kept in doubt until the transaction was effected and the money in his mother's hands, when she intended to surprise him.

"Excellent young man," thought Mrs. Annesley, as she swept down the stairs and through the outer office, where the busy clerks inspired her with no more fellow-feeling than the sheep in the pens outside. "He has never given his mother a moment's anxiety. I suppose nothing would have induced him to run a horse unless he were quite sure of being able to pay the consequences. Quiet and prudent, the son of a mere physician, how different from my brilliant Paul ! The blood of the Mowbrays is not in *his* veins." She forgot that Paul was not even the son of a physician, since Walter Annesley had been but a country doctor, whose untimely death had not improved his son's prospects.

She walked joyously home through the ever-thickening stream of vans and carts, considering what expenses she could cut down to meet the interest of the mortgage, really glad that a load of care would be lifted from Paul's heart, but anxious that he should acknowledge and admire her sacrifice ; few things pleased her so much as to be considered a martyr ; she was a woman who could not exist without a grievance.

She wondered how Heaven came to afflict her with such a son, though she knew very well that she would not have loved him half so well had he been steadier and less extravagant. Destiny had evidently made a mistake in setting a man of his mould to wield the lancet ; perhaps that view had also occurred to Destiny, and resulted in the recent removal of Reginald Annesley from the Gledesworth succession.

(To be continued.)

The Feast of St. Partridge.

WHO is young enough still to remember his first 1st of September? I do not mean, of course, the first 1st of September upon which his baby eyes opened, but his first real 1st—the first 1st on which he was to be entrusted with a gun to wage war against his natural-born foe, the partridge. He is a happy man who can still recall, ever so faintly, some of the anticipations of that anxious day. How the gun had been handled and aimed for days before! And the dreams of the whirring partridges and the statue-like, staunch-pointing dogs which thronged his sleep on that last night of August! Oh! and the palpitations of heart when that glorious 1st dawned—dawned fine, in spite of all gloomy prognostications of the contrary—and he crept up over the stubbles, in Ponto's wake as he drew up to the birds, while, behind, the old keeper kept urging that never often-enough repeated formula, "Steady, master! Take time when the bird rises."

Why is it that life has no such sensations for us now-a-days? If Ponto was drawing up to a gold-mine we could not feel so keenly in these wiser days. That ecstasy of enthusiasm is gone, as the very stubbles are gone, and it is but with tempered eagerness that we now look forward to that glorious morrow.

Yes, the stubbles are gone. There is not much more cover for the poor partridges upon them than they could find upon an ill-shaven sportsman's chin. And with them, in many counties, have vanished, likewise, the staunch old pointer and setter in whose manœuvres so large a portion of our pleasure in the sport was to be found. Over the greater part of the East of England it is but in the working of our faithful retriever that we can still watch that beautiful subjection of trained instinct to the guidance of reason which used to be so fascinating as we walked the stubbles left by the reaping-hooks of the days that are gone.

What then are we to do with our stubbles? It is manifestly no use to bring our dogs into a field to see the partridges disappearing over the further fence. But we may walk our

stubbles in, with an occasional shot at a stray solitary who has sought refuge in the hedgerow ; or we may send round a man on a pony to ride them in, with instructions, if it be a hilly country, to post himself upon an eminence to mark down for us the coveys which we shall then find among the roots—and then we may enjoy the old-fashioned sport just as in the days when reaping-machines were not. We may then watch, as of old, all the canine characters—the veteran who quarters his ground but slowly, but never yet was known, on a fair-scenting day, to “flush” a covey, or to over-run a “squatter”—the hot young blood, who covers such a space of ground in his wide-ranging, but who has not infrequently to hear the warning cry of “Have a care !” as he drops, crestfallen at his error, while a bird rises before his too-eager gallop. Then there is he of but one failing—in all respects perfect, save that that seductive department of Nature’s kingdom which the sportsman sums up in “fur,” offers attractions for the chase which are irresistible. How do we deal with him ? Firmly, but gently, without, if possible, loud cries, for the human voice is an abomination in the field ; and if we are at all sportsmen worthy of the name, without loss of temper. We must deal with him, too, with a long-studied knowledge of his individual nature, for a whipping to a dog of hardy, fearless temperament is a less punishment than a word of rating to another of more fine sensibility. To acquire control over dogs, the acquirement of control over self is the first desideratum ; nor is this self-control less essential in order, with gun in hand, to acquire control over the partridges. The palpitating of the heart as the dogs draw on—the infectious, tremulous, nerve-tautening excitement, which acts so contagiously from the canine natures to our own—the distracting, intoxicating “whirr” of the birds, as they rise, in all directions, like a handful of corn thrown in the air, the one on your right just taking your eye at the critical moment off the one on your left—all these influences have to be kept in cool restraint by a stern effort of the will ; or else “Bang !” goes your gun with a sort of snatch up to your shoulder and at the trigger ; “Bang !” goes the second barrel, at the same bird ; away goes the covey over the fence, and you are left alone with your discomfiture, the disappointment of your dogs, and the just opinion of you formed by the keeper.

Or—there is an alternative—if you are very quick-eyed your first-barrel victim will be a mangled mass of gory feathers, for you fired at him far too soon, and your second barrel will have

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stubbles in, with an occasional shot at a stray solitary who has sought refuge in the hedgerow ; or we may send round a man on a pony to ride them in, with instructions, if it be a hilly country, to post himself upon an eminence to mark down for us the coveys which we shall then find among the roots—and then we may enjoy the old-fashioned sport just as in the days when reaping-machines were not. We may then watch, as of old, all the canine characters—the veteran who quarters his ground but slowly, but never yet was known, on a fair-scenting day, to “flush” a covey, or to over-run a “squatter”—the hot young blood, who covers such a space of ground in his wide-ranging, but who has not infrequently to hear the warning cry of “Have a care !” as he drops, crestfallen at his error, while a bird rises before his too-eager gallop. Then there is he of but one failing—in all respects perfect, save that that seductive department of Nature’s kingdom which the sportsman sums up in “fur,” offers attractions for the chase which are irresistible. How do we deal with him ? Firmly, but gently, without, if possible, loud cries, for the human voice is an abomination in the field ; and if we are at all sportsmen worthy of the name, without loss of temper. We must deal with him, too, with a long-studied knowledge of his individual nature, for a whipping to a dog of hardy, fearless temperament is a less punishment than a word of rating to another of more fine sensibility. To acquire control over dogs, the acquirement of control over self is the first desideratum ; nor is this self-control less essential in order, with gun in hand, to acquire control over the partridges. The palpitating of the heart as the dogs draw on—the infectious, tremulous, nerve-tautening excitement, which acts so contagiously from the canine natures to our own—the distracting, intoxicating “whirr” of the birds, as they rise, in all directions, like a handful of corn thrown in the air, the one on your right just taking your eye at the critical moment off the one on your left—all these influences have to be kept in cool restraint by a stern effort of the will ; or else “Bang !” goes your gun with a sort of snatch up to your shoulder and at the trigger ; “Bang !” goes the second barrel, at the same bird ; away goes the covey over the fence, and you are left alone with your discomfiture, the disappointment of your dogs, and the just opinion of you formed by the keeper.

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sent a poor creature with dangling leg and flagging flight struggling over the near horizon. And your keeper, in this latter case, will, maybe, say to you, "Good shot!" But you know better, or you ought to; and at the next "point," with stern resolve, you will perchance be cooler, and wait till not the nearest, but the farthest bird, is at a fair distance, and bringing him cleanly down with quick, yet not hurried aim, will then select the victim of your second barrel with as near an approximation as is in you of that art which conceals art.

Yes, think not, ye gunners who despise aught but the driven bird flashing like lightning past you, that this old-fashioned sport over the pointers and setters and the turnip-tops is all child's play. So I have heard it said, "Poor little birds, you cannot miss them!" but I have also heard one of these crack driving shots who for years had not shot over dogs, honest enough to make full confession, on his return from a day with the pointers, of both his error and his misses. It is not the same kind of skill. The first-class shot to-dogs may do little execution with the driven birds; that, indeed, is a commonplace; but it is equally true, though less generally understood, that the first-class driving shot may be less successful with the covey rising at his feet than many a sportsman of the older fashioned school.

Laudator temporis acti! It is always a graceful rôle that one is unwilling to quit; yet, in fair justice be it said, there is its own peculiar charm, apart from the requisite greater perfection of the marksman's skill, about the "driving" sport.

To the novice it seems like the fairyland of sport; you drive out to your ground. "Drive," in its ordinary hippodromic sense, be it understood. You draw lots, by the primitive means of grasses of different lengths, for your respective places, and proceed to line, at distances of some two gun-shots apart—what shall we say?—a hedge?—a belt of fir-trees? Yes, we will take in this instance a belt of fir-trees, such as are planted round many of the great fields of Norfolk to protect from the wind the light friable, blow-away-able soil. This is the perfection of driving shooting. You can then stand a full gunshot back from your cover, for the partridges will not catch sight of you till they crest the trees, by which time they will be so close that to partridge nature desperation will seem the better part of valour, and they will scud forward over your head. They will find you, too, ready to receive them in a comfortable, straight-upright position—not cramped with cowering below a hedge-row or in a "butt."

Yes, the belt of firs is of all others the cover behind which to await the driven partridge.

But the partridges are not thinking of coming yet—you have only just got into your places, and the host has just fired off two barrels in quick succession to give notice to the far-off beaters that the guns are posted. You wait for a while in silence, full of expectation, but nothing happens. You begin to doubt if the whole thing is not a hoax, if there are really any beaters or any partridges in the world. The first notice you have that any disturbing elements are approaching is in the uneasy movements of a flock of larks coming towards you over the trees, and then dodging back into the field behind the belt. Then some field-fares begin to appear, with their slow, dipping flight, for the most part turning backward when they see the "guns." Wood-pigeons begin scouring the sky high among the clouds. There is a rush of wings, and with a great "cheep—cheeping" a covey or small pack of partridges has settled just the other side of the belt. Through a gap in the belt an old French partridge comes sailing along. The end gun is not ready for him, and after two hurried barrels the bird settles down upon the plough behind and goes scudding off at top speed of his red legs. This excites a retriever, who has to be cautioned in a low voice of grave reproof; and the shot has put all—both sportsmen and loaders—on the alert. For this sport it is almost essential to have two guns and a loader, if you are to make your fair share of the bag.

Now, looking through the belt, where the trees are thinner, you see the hares beginning to make their devious way over the next field. Here and there they dart, and coming upon a worn track make straight down it. Now is the time to be motionless,—there are several hares, maybe, with their eyes at this moment upon you, in that belt of firs; and the shots you will get at them depend greatly on your immobility. Ah! but here comes a small covey over the trees. They whisk up a little when they see the guns. Most of them whisk over. Two fall, in response to four shots. One has turned at right-angles and sailed over the length of the belt. All the line have a shot at him. At last, poor gallant little bird! he falls to the last gun. The partridges have begun to come; the hares must take their chance now. One breaks through between you and the next gun. Whose shot is it? You are just going to draw on him, when he stretches himself out and dies to your neighbour's shot. He waves a hand of apology

—you, of pardon. There is no time for apologies. A hoodie crow, or saddleback, sails over, very high, but all salute him,—the poacher,—who are within anything like range at all. A chance shot does for him, and on outstretched black wings he comes softly to the ground. A hawk has been watching all the proceedings, from an immense height, but he does not offer a ghost of an excuse for a shot.

But now the partridges are coming on in earnest. Bang! Bang! Bang! you hear, all down the line. The voices of the beaters are audible, crying "Mark over—mark!" Now is the time when a quick eye for the selection of the right bird, as he tops the belt, is called into play. Your loader must be smart, too—no bungling of guns and hands together. Clean handling from one to the other, the result of practice and training, becomes invaluable, and you get in your four barrels at a small "pack." But now there is a great continuous cry of "Mark!" from all the line of the beaters; there is a great rush of wings, and, in numbers that almost distract you, the great main pack of all the partridges in the indriven fields comes scudding over your head. It is a constant cannonade all down the line; the guns get hot. You have to dodge, to escape a bird which one of your neighbours has dropped almost on your head.

The beaters keep crying "Mark!"—gradually less frequently. Single, stay-behind birds come over here and there. Then you hear the crash of the beaters getting over the fence into the belt. "Beat out that belt well, beaters," is then the cry. "Look out for a wounded bird of mine there, just before you," and so on. Single birds keep coming out, sometimes skimming between the guns, sometimes whirring up and topping back over the belt, in most cases to be brought down in the belt again by a successful shot, just at the beaters' feet. Then comes the picking up of the dead and wounded, beaters, "guns," and retrievers all assisting. Some of the loaders are off, ever so far, to look for some "towered" birds which have fallen to their respective masters—and not infrequently the masters have seen some birds "tower" that no one else has seen to do so. "How many did you get that time?" is the question all round. "Oh! I think so many"—whatever it may be—is the answer; and the last claimant of the spoil will often find that his own share is *minus* so many—the difference between the number claimed and the number gathered. "Never mind, old fellow," says the host sympathetically. "They'll pick up yours in the next drive."

And now all the beaters are disappearing again with their gay flags down some sylvan alley, like the chorus of an operetta, for the next drive but one, while we take our places to receive the birds which are to be driven to us now by another detachment of the beaters—the same birds driven back, let us hope, for so they will come more scattered, and give better sport.

Oh yes, *laudatores temporis acti*, there may be a great deal in all you say, but there is much to be said on the other side as well.

"Now, which do you think are harder—partridges or grouse?"—that is one of the questions that is very likely to be asked as we go to our next stand. Well, each has his own opinion, as is his perfect right. The partridge whisks upward as he catches sight of the "guns"—indeed, so cunning do they get towards the end of a season's driving, that they seem to know instinctively the hedge or the belt that is likely to shield a gunner. The grouse, *au contraire*, comes steadily onward, low flying generally, skimming over the heather, nor does he turn aside, scarcely, as he catches sight of the sportsman in the butt. He comes forward somewhat in the manner of some of those Frenchmen that streamed through the gap in the belt of firs—but how much faster? What a pace the grouse do come! From the moment you see the black specks which you might deem motionlessly hovering over the horizon, but for the fact that they seem to grow constantly larger, until they flash past you, great, heavy, dark-plumaged grouse, what an incredibly short space of time it seems! They take such a deal of stopping, too, with those strong stubborn feathers to turn the shot! So that though the little partridge whisk never so dexterously upward to evade our shot, he is scarcely harder to bring to bag than his solid, straightforward, simple-minded brother of the Northern heather. And whether it be in agricultural England or in the wild, breezy moors of Scotland, the first-rate hands at the driving sport excel us, at best moderate performers, mainly in this, that by the time we, with mutability of purpose, have decided upon the bird which we hope may fall to our first barrel, the crack shot will have successfully brought down his first, and be already thinking of his second. This swiftness of right determination is a faculty which can but come with long practice.

"How far do you aim ahead of your birds?" is a question the tyro will often ask of the proficient, and will be met with a wide diversity of answer. After all, it is a point of less moment than is commonly supposed, for let tyro once learn to aim his gun

according to his intention, he will soon find for himself a means to correct his errors in judgment.

And, since we are on comparisons, which shall we say is the more delightful—whether for “driving” sport or over dogs—partridge-shooting among the roots and stubbles, or grouse over the moorland heather? Of course the partridge is a wild bird, truly wild; no less domesticated than the grouse of the hills of Sutherland, and yet, we seek him among the turnips, down the hedge-rows, in all circumstances which reveal the handiwork of man. His surroundings are artificial. Whereas, there upon the wild Scotch moors you have the “muir-cock” in his habitat and his heather as Nature made it; yours, for aught you see to the contrary, might be the first human footstep that has ever broken upon his solitude. Yes, there is the charm of it; in the wild scenery and the fresh, nipping air, with which a little of the native whiskey nipping goes so lusciously and so harmlessly. We in our degenerate lowlands, where are grown cereals for the use of man,—we cannot match the charm of the wildness which accords so well with the latent spark of savagery still kindling in the sportsman’s breast. For a remnant of savagery it no doubt is—an invaluable remnant, a spark from that fire which has carried the Anglo-Saxon victoriously over the world. Yet do not the very keenest of us at times feel a suspicion of its cruelty?

I remember that once, in Scotland, I was sent forward to the end of a big wood which we were beating for roe or black-game, or what would come. There was scarcely any undergrowth, and while the sound of the beaters was still far away and vague, I saw, coming along among the dark columns of the bare pine trunks, a brown hare. He came on straight towards me through the dark wood. I was by myself, without a loader, and I stood quite motionless. Presently the creature stopped—a hundred yards or less away from me—and as it sat there, with its ears on end, I could see that it was listening so, so painfully, hard, and thinking and thinking so to try to find out which way it could be safe. And then it fancied it heard or smelt something which seemed to give it an indication of which way it could go with least danger—for I am sure it knew that dangers were surrounding it—and it turned and ran towards the right. But almost at once it got wind, or sight, or sound of the “gun” next upon my right, and back it came again, across its previous course, and sat up again and listened, only some forty yards away from me. It was so dreadfully perplexed; and, all the time, the

sound of the beaters was drawing nearer. I could see its very nostrils working feverishly, as, with every acute sense it had, it questioned the danger. And then it seemed to give it up in despair. "It's no use," it said to itself. "I *cannot* make out which way I ought to go,"—and then it made a bound, and a rush, without seeing me, and galloped past, close beside my legs. It seemed to me I could almost fancy an expression of relief in its gait, as it got beyond gunshot. For I did not fire at that hare. I cannot tell you why, but I could not.

And then, another time, so inconsistent is man, I found myself out in just the opposite course of action. I had gone out, being snowed up toward the end of February, to wait for wood-pigeons (which *would* eat up the pheasants' corn), as they dropped in to roost. There was not a breath of wind, and the snow which had been falling till within an hour of sunset lay soft and heavy on the larches, of which there were many, and on all the trees. As I stood there, waiting, I seemed to be in Christmas-tree land, in some wonderful children's fairy-realm. The white swathing lay upon the trees and on the ground, wrapping everything in a silence that seemed scarcely earthly. I stood motionless, wondering at the beautiful scene, for a long while, and no pigeons came. As I turned away, I saw that some chips of mangold laid out for the pheasants, just behind a little bush, from where I had been standing, had been newly nibbled by a rabbit since I had been stationed there. The creature must have run up and been eating them within three yards of me, in the dead silence, and we had neither heard the other. "I am glad no pigeons came," I said to myself, "for I know I could not have found the heart to fire at them,"—and then on the instant, with their peculiar downward slant—as if they were tobogganing down the sloping air—one swept from the still sky to a tree ahead of me. In a moment my gun was up, and I had fired. There was a crash, and a little avalanche of snow as the pigeon fell dashing through the branches to the ground.

Where was I, the dreamer of the previous moment? Transformed, as by enchantment, into the keen, cruel—yes, perhaps cruel—sportsman, eager to kill; and there, the life-blood welling out in quick drops from the beautiful sheeny neck, and staining the white snow, lay the swift-flighted, vigilant enemy of the farmer and the game preserver.—Ah well! It was a speedy death, and he will be excellent in a pie!

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

A Tale of a Ten-Pound Note.

I FIRST saw the light at Number —, Threadneedle Street, in the City of London, on the nineteenth day of April in the present year of Grace 1888.

I am one of the historical family of BEARER-NOTES, or Bank-notes payable to Bearer on demand, of which there are two great divisions—the *Legal-tenders*, of whom I have the honour to be one—and the *Non-tenders*, or Provincial notes, a family of respectable character but promiscuous parentage, concerning whom I desire to say no more than that they are not connected with us by blood, nor by business or other relations.

As a race, we lay no claim to a high antiquity of origin; in fact, we cannot trace our first appearance on the page of history further back than A.D. 1694, and we did not reach our present supremacy of status until early in the present century, when we assumed the exclusive name and privileges of Legal-tenders, by virtue of an Act of the Legislature, to which his gracious Majesty William the Fourth was pleased to give his royal assent.

There are nine well-defined grades of Legal-tenders; from those of highest caste, the One Thousand Pounders, down to the humble but prolific branch of the Fives. I myself belong to the TENS, or Tenth Legion, as we sometimes call ourselves in sport; but we are all of the same stock,—the lawful issue, through an unbroken line of descent, of our venerable parent, The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

We are each decorated with the medallion portrait of a lady in the character of Britannia ruling the waves. It is supposed by some that our progenitress sat for the figure when she was young, and that she is there, not to rule the waves, which would be ridiculous, but to keep an eye upon us.

It is held by others that the lady who sat for our medallion

was the beautiful, Frances Stewart, of Charles the Second's time; a contention rendered the more probable by the fact of her appearance in the same character on the *reverse* of a coin so widely circulated as the common penny,—an act of gracious condescension attributable, no doubt, to her being a professional beauty of the period.

For reasons which I am not at liberty to divulge, we have each a private mark, even the direction of which I decline to indicate. We have likewise a separate number each, one advantage of which is that, should any of us fall into bad hands or get into trouble, we can be traced and rescued.

My initial mark and number is $\frac{99}{Z}$; the signification of which is only known to the initiated; and, being the premier note of my series, my whole number is ONE—or rather OOOOI—which gave the occasion to one of the junior cashiers in our Department to make a conundrum about me, the ridiculous answer to which was *The noughty one*.

Our sole guardian is Mr. F. May, Chief Cashier of the Bank. His signature must be attached to each of us before we leave Threadneedle College, or what is better known as the Department of Issue. Without this certificate of birth, parentage, and efficiency, we would be of no greater worth than the paper we are engraved upon, and might as well revert to our original pulp; but the moment we are signed and 'certified,' we are quickened into life and become things of price far above rubies.

There are those, nevertheless, who contend that we are not signed by Mr. May at all; but that his reputed autograph forms part of the plate, of which we are the impressions; in which case, of course, it would follow that we are all forgeries, and that the printer, whoever he is, ought to be hanged, like Fauntleroy, or at least transported.

I first went into society, or into circulation, to use a City phrase, as one of a batch of sister TENS. Our destination for the day was a till in one of the great Joint Stock Banks of the Metropolis, and I noticed that the leading lady, or top note, of the compartment next to ours was one of our HUNDREDS. They belong exclusively to our Upper Ten, and are only to be met with in the higher circles of finance, or in the best houses of Belgravia, where it is needless to add a cordial welcome always awaits them.

It is not generally known, but it is an open secret in our set,

that a certain eminent artist is engaged upon the portrait of a Legal-tender of even higher caste—one of our £500's—from a proof before letters, which is to be called a 'Symphony in White,' and exhibited at the Royal Academy.

When removed to the Cash Vault, where we were to pass the night, I was pleased to find that I was still neighbour note to our fashionable relative.

"Well, my fair cousin," she began, without other preface, "and how long have *you* been out?"

I explained that it was my first appearance in public.

"I thought as much," was the reply; "you look so deliciously fresh and green. I had a coming out myself once; but that is ages ago. Like you, I was 'beautiful exceedingly' then; but look at me now—a battered old frump."

I protested that she didn't look a bit old, still less like an old frump; to which I had for answer that I was a flattering little humbug.

"When we make our first entrance into Society," she went on, "as 'sweet girl graduates' of the College of Issue, we are irresistible. Our spotless white, the lovely crispness of our texture, and our half-seen lines of water-mark, like coils of wavy hair, are the despair of rogues and imitators, and the admiration of all."

I remarked that I had heard it stated that the curving lines in our tissue represented the rolling waves which Britannia was ruling, and could only have reference to our hair, on the supposition that we were all mermaids.

"Like that revolting creature," she rejoined, "in Mr. Burne Jones's picture, with an opalescent tail! My dear child, your greenness is positively refreshing!"

I asked, was it true that our respected Lady in her youth had made a study of alchemy and the black arts, particularly the transmutation of lead and things into gold?

"She studied to better purpose," was the reply, "than muddling her brains over exploded old fads like these; for she learned to transmute paper by the ream into money by the million."

"Would not that have been looked upon in old times as magic," I asked, "and our Old Lady and her chief magician, Mr. May, burnt alive at the stake for sorcery?"

"I think not. You see, with mere access to a sufficiency of paper, they could have enriched their accusers 'beyond the

dreams of avarice,' and bought themselves off; but to return:—The love of Man for us Legal-tenders, as I was about to say,—the desire to possess and call us their very own, is one of the master passions of the human race, at least in these Islands; but, strange to say, no sooner do we become any man's property, the very fruition of 'his heart's desire,' than he is seized with an irresistible impulse to part with us again."

I said I looked upon a passion so fickle as a disgrace to humanity.

"The truth is," she went on, "that personally, my dear, we are unfruitful. Secrete a hundred of us for a hundred years, anywhere, behind the wainscot, if you like, and at the end of that time we shall come forth the same hundred—'that and nothing more'—unless the rats have got at us; in which case, of course, our total might prove to be perceptibly less."

"The mere possibility," I said, "goes all down my back in creeps."

"Every day that we remain the property of any man," she went on, "means the loss of a day's interest to him. This it is—this mercenary consideration—that kills his brief passion for us; this is the reason why we are so lightly parted with for lands, or houses, or shares, or something that will bring him income—which we do not."

I said I had always heard that true love was above such sordid thoughts.

"No doubt true love is, my pretty coz; but, you see, people cannot live upon it exclusively. As Legal-tenders, we are undeniably a beautiful race; but personally we are neither eatable nor drinkable, and it would baffle the wit of man to convert us even into wearable shoddy."

I said I was thankful we were exposed to none of these processes, especially the last.

"We have our defects, my child," she went on; "but as compared with what may strictly be called our sterling qualities, they are 'as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.' Are we not man's Slaves of the Lamp—his swift-footed messengers to fetch and carry and bring him whatsoever his soul lusteth after, and he can pay for, by bartering us away?"

"Is that why some persons talk of us as 'the flimsies?'" I asked.

"No," she replied; "that bit of slang comes from our golden

rivals—the Coinage family; but, if we are light of substance, we are not 'deceitful upon the weights,' as they notoriously are. With all their pretence and brag of being of sovereign value, everybody knows that half of them would not pay twenty shillings in the pound if they went into liquidation to-morrow. *Our* value, my pretty cousin," she continued, "is not subject to abrasion, or wear and tear, still less to the abomination called 'sweating.'"

"I should think not, indeed!" I exclaimed. "The very word is odious and an insult."

"Flimsies forsooth!" she resumed. "It would be nearer the mark to call us the artificers and master-builders of finance. Have we not served to sink all the mines, build all the ships, erect all the buildings and construct all the railways of the century? Have we not served to float all the loans and schemes and companies of the period, domestic and foreign, limited and unlimited, swindles included?"

I ventured to remark that it would have been better perhaps not to have assisted in floating the swindles.

"We had no choice," she replied. "Have I not told you that we 'pale captives' are the helpless slaves of man, and must go where he bids us; and dance to his piping, whatsoever tune—Satanic or other—it pleases him to play?"

After a slight pause, she resumed:—

"But what does it all matter? A short life and a merry one is our motto; only our lives, although undeniably short, are not always merry. My first experience," she continued, "was being sent to a Bank somewhere in the Northern Counties, where I passed some of the most wretched hours of my existence in the same till with a Scotch One-pound note. Fancy a proud sensitive creature, fresh and fair as I then was, in actual touch for hours with a brown, limp, leathery thing, with an aroma which was certainly not that of the rose! Even the aged cashier felt for me, as he laid us side by side on the counter in the morning. What do you think the old man said?"

"'The gentle lady wedded to the Moor,' perhaps?" I suggested.

"No," she said, "not so nice as that. He called us Beauty and the Beast."

"And now," she continued, "what news from the fountain-head and nursery of our race, the Department of Issue? What about the Bullion? Do the Directors keep it at regulation point?"

I felt pleased to be in a position with regard to this question to give a categorical reply :—

"In addition," I said, "to the gold belonging to all the other Banks in England, which is held in sacred trust and kept in a vault all by itself, the Directors make it a rule to have always in hand sufficient to pay off the National Debt at a moment's notice, whenever the holders of that security turn stupid and refuse to accept a lower rate of interest than that agreed upon."

My companion rustled slightly, as if with internal merriment, only that we Legal-tenders never do laugh, and have no internals to speak of.

"Anything more about the bullion, my sweet cousin, of the same quality?" she almost tittered.

"The bullion, madam," I resumed, "is now locked every night in the great cash vaults by the Governor and Deputy Governor in person, who sleep in apartments immediately above the treasure. Each keeps his own set of keys under his pillow, together with a blunderbuss of special make, charged with explosive bullets; whilst a Corporal's Guard with fixed bayonets, supported by a strong posse of the Metropolitan Police, protect the entrance to each chamber against attack from without."

"Yes?" said my companion, with a sort of gasp, and rustling worse than before, "and may I ask who crammed you, my poor dear, with all this audacious rubbish?"

I replied that the information was given in the hearing of the whole of our till by one of the junior cashiers, a Mr. Montague Chaffers, as he was showing a friend from the country one day over the Bank.

"He should sign his name without the s," she responded. "Pray can you recite any further extracts from current history according to Chaffers?"

I replied that an excited little old lady came into our Department one day by mistake, and, addressing herself to Mr. Chaffers, said she had put a good deal of money in the Funds, and wished to know what proportion of them consisted of gold, and what of notes.

The answer given was that the Funds consisted entirely of gold—700 millions—all in sovereigns of full weight. "None of your light sovereigns in this shop, madam," Mr. Chaffers said.

"I should hope not, indeed!" was the reply: "but how often are they counted, my dear, to see they are all there, you know?"

To this Mr. Chaffers made answer that as a matter of fact the counting never ceased, but, like a certain brook, went on for ever. "The gentleman," he added, "who is at present on the job, began when he was 35, and in the full vigour of manhood; he is now 60, rather weak in the legs and quite bald: and it will take him ten years more to finish."

The little lady fired up at this, and said she didn't come there to be made fun of by a jackanapes like him, and would straightway report him to the authorities of the Bank.

"I hope she did," observed my companion. "But enough of the facetious Chaffers: let us talk business."

"Once," she said, "I formed one of a parcel of sister HUNDREDS sent down to meet an expected 'run' on a country bank."

"A run," she explained, "occurs, when the persons who have money deposited in a Bank take it into their heads that the Bank is going to break, and immediately set to work to bring the catastrophe about."

"They must surely be insane," I said, "or afflicted with suicidal mania. Do they set fire to the Bank?"

"No; they only loot it—on the principle of, first come first served."

"And what happens to the hindmost," I asked, "who don't get any money?"

"They are provided for by being assigned to the care of a personage who shall be nameless."

"One of the first to run was an agriculturist to whom I was handed over in payment of his deposit."

"He proved to be a widower, with an only son, both Anaks in point of size and strength, but very cowards in their fear of being 'burglared.'"

"The great question was where to place me in greatest safety for the night, and one suggestion made me creep with horror. It came from the younger man, who calmly proposed that his father should wear me underfoot inside one of his boots for the night!"

"That Anak junior must have been an odious reptile," I declared.

"He was," she agreed; "but he belonged more to the hippopotami than the reptiles. Fortunately for me," she added, "his revolting suggestion was not carried out, because the old man objected to sleep in his boots—so it ended in my being

thrust well under the mattress of a bed, and in father and son lying atop, turn about, all night."

"I hope the horrid men didn't get any sleep," I said.

"Oh yes they did: or rather they took it out in dreams having relation chiefly, I should say, to battle, murder, and sudden death.

"Well, the run soon spent itself: for the very next day I was redeposited by the son, who extenuated my withdrawal to the manager, on the ground that his father was an old fool and didn't know better.

"My latest experience," she resumed, "and probably my last, was a painful one. I had become the property of a man who made it his boast that he never paid bank commission. The consequence was that one day he cut me in two, that he might send me half and half by different posts to another man."

"The monster!" I exclaimed.

"Words," she said, "cannot express my feelings during this divided entity and dual form of existence—but I had my revenge. My second half got lost in the Post Office for a week, and my supposed loss so preyed upon the nerves and liver of this separatist, that his medical adviser sentenced him at sight to a calendar month of the sulphur springs at Harrogate."

I declared my belief that no one looking at her could tell that she had been subjected to such a diabolical outrage.

"Ah, my child," she replied, "you should see my back! I'm only kept together by three postage-stamps."

With this she lapsed into silence, and our colloquy ceased.

Next day I formed part of a remittance from the great London Bank to one of its clients in the country, the Goldneys of Silverton, an old private Bank of issue. The Goldney notes received us with politeness, although no doubt with inward searchings, as they compared their own provincial get-up, with that elegance of form and air of distinction which are the birth-right of us Legal-tenders.

We had hardly been comfortably settled in the till, when some one presented a cheque for payment, and the teller handed the amount over in Goldney notes.

"These ain't legal tender, I guess," said a voice in objection.

"Then we will pay in gold," replied the teller sharply.

"All right," was the response, "provided the gold is of full standard weight of the British Mint, but not otherwise."

The required amount in gold of standard weight not being at

hand at the moment, the official found himself obliged, after all, to satisfy the demand with a batch of TENS, of which, as it happened, I formed the uppermost note.

The stranger crumpled us up in a bunch in the most brutal way, and thrust us to the bottom of a pocket, where we were all nearly stifled ; but shortly afterwards he made a purchase at a shop, and, to my inexpressible relief, I passed from his possession as part of the purchase-money.

"I didn't like that chap's look," remarked the tradesman's wife, before the stranger had well left the shop, "and I don't much like the looks of this here note of his, John. I don't think it's real. Who ever heard of a note with four noughts all in a row before you ever come to a one? They're all on the wrong side, I tell you, unless you turn yourself upside down and stand on your head like, and then they come to millions; anyhow, they don't read 10. I'd send that note to Goldneys right away and offer to take the change in light sovereigns;" and within the hour I was exchanged accordingly, and found myself for the second time an inmate of the Goldney till.

"You'll be tackled by 'Her Highness' to-night," a Goldneyite remarked presently, addressing herself to me. "She is one of your tip-toppers—a THOUSAND Pounder, if you please—and a ferocious aristocrat. Old Goldney—our proprietor, you know—speaks of her tenderly as his ultimate Reserve, whatever that may mean, but it would be nearer the mark to call her his ultimate salvation."

I asked why.

"Because she has saved the Goldneys in runs more than once, by being paid away half-a-dozen times the same day as a FIVE or a TEN by mistake."

It appeared to me an extravagant way of stopping a run, and I said so.

"I think you must be rather dense," was the reply. "The 'mistake' was of course intentional, and always found out before any one left the Bank, but the moral effect was prodigious."

I enquired was her Highness of great age.

"She's fifty if she's a day," was the answer, "and has Currency on the brain."

The prediction came true, for hardly had the doors of the strong room closed upon us, when my eyes lighted upon the most venerable member of our race I had ever seen; for we

Legal-tenders see just as well in the dark as we do by daylight. She looked to me for all the world like a fragile piece of old lace faintly browned with age.

"Have you carefully studied the Currency question, my child?" she asked abruptly.

I replied that it formed no part of our course at Threadneedle College, but that I had sometimes heard it talked about in our Department.

"Yes?" she said interrogatively, "and what does your Department think about it?"

"I heard one cashier say to another that it would be easier to square the circle than to put the Currency question squarely to the human understanding."

"He said that?"

"Yes," I answered, "and another said he'd rather take a turn at the treadmill for a week than at such a brain-splitter as the Circulating Medium for a day. Another said—"

"That will do," her Highness interposed. "Now just listen to me, and I will put the whole thing in a nutshell. WE are the Currency—we, the Legal-tenders, and that, I take it, comprehends and puts at rest the whole question."

I said I had heard that the Bearer-notes of the provinces claimed to have an interest in the matter.

"Quite a ridiculous claim," was the rejoinder. "Do you know, my child, that our highly informed Lady has always looked upon the whole family of the provincial issues—English, Scotch and Irish—as barely legitimate?"

I replied that I was not aware of that circumstance, but that I had heard it said that there was something sinister about one half of our own family.

"That, my dear, is merely a geographical expression, to distinguish one half of a Legal-tender from the other or dexter half, and has no further meaning. There is no bar-sinister on our escutcheon; no Fitz-fives or Fitz-fifties to claim kindred with us. Are you aware," she continued, "that these provincial issues are absolutely prohibited by Act of Parliament from being seen within 65 miles of the Metropolis? and that one of them, if exhibited in a West End drawing-room, would be as great a wonder as a native from Fiji. Our amiable Lady indeed never made any secret of her opinion that the entire brood ought to be suppressed by Act of Parliament."

"Is it true, your Highness," I asked, "that the retort of the

provincials to this desire for an Act for their abolition has always been—"Don't you wish you may get it'?"

"I daresay," she replied, "or some such underbred remark. But where were we? Where did we leave off, my child, about the great Currency Question?"

As I dreaded a return to the subject, I said we only left off after she had put the whole thing in a nutshell.

"Yes, yes," she replied; "but that was a metaphor. The idea of putting the currency—our whole family, in fact—into a nutshell would be absurd on the face of it—except as an allegory.

"When Sir Robert Peel," she continued, "took the question up in 1844, shall I ever forget the lecture he gave the Governor and Company in the House of Commons? He went so far as to declare that they were so ignorant of the elementary principles of finance that they had yet to learn that a pound was a pound. I could have forgiven him that perhaps," she went on, "but he had the assurance to attribute all money panics to an abnormal increase in our family, the paternity of which he openly assigned to the Governor and Company. What do you think of a privileged slander like that?"

I said I thought it abominable.

"There isn't the fool living," she went on, "who would now say that a money panic is the result of an excess in our issue, because the direct contrary is the fact. It is our *scarceness*, as everybody knows, that brings those dreadful panics about, and drives Lombard Street to distraction every now and then, and City editors to writing delirious articles on the Crisis."

I would have asked a question as to what a crisis meant, but she went on,

"When bankers and merchants and bill-brokers in all directions are shaking in their shoes, and things are hurrying on to a general catastrophe and dislocation of everything, what do you think happens?"

I answered, quite truthfully this time, that I had not the remotest idea.

"Well," she replied, "down comes a message from the Treasury to the Governor to say he may consider the Act suspended—the identical Act of the wonderful Sir Robert Peel, which was to render panics of every kind ridiculous and impossible for evermore."

I ventured to suggest that if the message had been to suspend

Sir Robert himself, the moral effect might have been more impressive.

"No doubt, my dear, no doubt," was the bland reply, "only they don't hang people for that sort of thing now-a-days, more's the pity. Besides, the suspension of the Act would have a more quieting effect in a time of unusual excitement, than the execution of a Prime Minister."

I said I did not quite understand the nature of the process as applied to printed matter.

"The suspension of that panic-begetting Act, for it is nothing less," my monitress explained, "permits millions of Legal-tenders to be liberated and set free, who down to that moment have been kept in strict confinement in terms of the Act."

I asked if we took any particular direction when liberated and set free.

"Lombard Street chiefly," she answered; "but that is a minor point, for the moment our release becomes known, the frenzy of the money market begins to abate, and in a few hours the financial Reign of Terror has gone like an evil dream."

"Are these the occasions," I enquired, "when we are hailed as the snow-flakes of finance, from the cooling effect we have on the heated atmosphere of the City?"

"I never heard the phrase before, my dear," she replied; "but I hardly think one of our monetary blizzards would be less upsetting, if accompanied by a fall of snow-flakes as large as porous plasters each. But whereabouts were we?"

I said she had just explained how panic in the money market was stayed by a general delivery of Legal-tenders from bondage under Peel's Act.

"Just so—and I say that thus, and only thus, on three momentous occasions, have we, the Legal-tender family, single-handed, saved the country from a state of barter."

In reply to my enquiry, what a state of barter meant, she said that, for one thing, it would mean the stoppage of all the Banks.

"But would not the shops keep open," I asked, "and the theatres? And the railways and cabs, would not they continue to run?"

"I'm not at all sure," she responded; "because, you see, there would be no money to buy things with, or to pay salaries, or wages, much less taxes, so that even Her Majesty's Exchequer itself might become insolvent."

"In that case," I said, "would Mr. Goschen have to be personally wound up in bankruptcy?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," she rather snapped. "That is a detail. What is of infinitely greater moment, the Army and Navy would mutiny for want of pay, the Bank would be stormed by the mob and looted, the Church would be disestablished, and the Monarchy overthrown."

I said that such a state of things made one tremble to think of, but that it seemed to me the worst feature of all would be the want of money to pay for things, for in that case, I asked, how were people to get new clothes, or even their regular meals?

"Something, no doubt," was the answer, "could be done by way of barter—that is, by exchanging a thing you don't want for something you do."

"Such as an anti-macassar," I suggested, "or anything from a Bazaar, in exchange for something to eat—such as a veal-pie, or a saddle of mutton?"

"Just so," she replied; "or an obnoxious bull-pup, or a screeching parrot, for a quarter of lamb."

"Or a Dresden shepherdess," I responded, "for a sack of potatoes."

"Or a presentation trowel," she added, "for a flitch of bacon, or half a ton of coal."

"Would a sewing-machine, your Highness"—I went on with enthusiasm—"or a double perambulator, be a fair exchange for a new dress, for example?"

"That would depend upon a variety of limitations and conditions, my dear, which I am not prepared to discuss. Be content to know that, at the best, a state of barter would be an insupportable mess and muddle all round, and things would go back to the times before the Heptarchy."

"But if the *Times* and all the newspapers," I persisted, "were to become Exchange and Barthers, would not that make a difference?"

"It would make this difference," was the answer. "It would fill the lunatic asylums with people gone mad over a daily course of roguery by advertisement."

"And now," she continued, "we have had enough about panics and barter and things. What were people saying, before you left town, about this Conversion Scheme?"

I replied that it did not seem to be popular with some persons.

"No, I daresay not. The holders of Consols are not likely to bless it."

"They do not," I said, "but very much the contrary. One holder of Consols, a tall, thin lady of middle age, declared one day, in the hearing of us all, that it was a piece of downright confiscation, and that the Ministry ought to be impeached for ruining the public credit by offering less than twenty shillings in the pound.

"She called Mr. Goschen dreadful names. 'Look at me,' she said, 'My all is in the Consols, and they bring me in £300 a year. On what pretence am I to be deprived of £25 of this now, and another £25 in my old age, except to glorify Goschen? Is it just, that, whilst all other people are having a penny taken off their income tax, we, the creditors of the Government, are to have one and eightpence added to ours—for it amounts to that, to be raised to three and fourpence later on?'

"The gentleman she was addressing reminded her that the acceptance or rejection of the new stock was quite optional, and that she had a perfectly free choice in the matter.

"'Yes,' she replied bitterly, 'on the principle of "heads you win—tails I lose,"—for I am tied up from selling out.'

"'All good government, madam,' was the rejoinder, 'is based on the principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number.'

"'Which I wish you luck of,' she retorted, 'if that means the plunder of the few for the enrichment of the many.'

"'Mark my words,' she continued. 'Goschen will turn Bi-metallist yet, and pay the Debt off in silver, at five shillings the ounce, which he has bought at three and sixpence,' and with that she went away in a passion."

"I don't wonder, poor lady," said her Highness. "I fear there are thousands in much the same position. For myself, I never expected to outlive 'the sweet simplicity of the Three per Cents.' It is mournful to think that we must allude to them in future as the late Consols—as of departed friends. If the Governor and Company," she went on, "were to reduce *our* value, like the interest on Consols, by one-sixth, or to sixteen and eightpence in the pound, what do you think would happen?"

I said I thought the Governor and Deputy-Governor would probably be lynched.

"No, my love," she replied, "not so bad as that, I hope; in fact, we don't practise that sort of wild justice in this country;

but I, for one, would rather go drown myself than that a single Legal-tender should go with dishonour to the dust. What is this new Stock to be called?"

I replied that various terms had been suggested, such as the Ex-Consols, or the DisConsolate Annuities and such-like, but that the term most favoured was 'the Goschens.'

"They will call the money market the Land of Goschen next," was the sarcastic and concluding remark of my venerable relative, as with an angry rustle she composed herself to rest.

I never saw her again, because next day a customer of Goldney's Bank presented a cheque for £20, in payment whereof, at his request, a couple of TENS, of which I was one, were handed over. He had an envelope in one hand, addressed to the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer, into which we were quickly thrust, and presently found ourselves in the London bag of the Silverton Post Office on our way to town.

I had noticed that my travelling companion had been 'out' for the greater portion of a year, and was almost in rags.

For some time we travelled in silence, but at last she spoke and said:—

"I was once as young and fair and vain as you are; but for many months I have been the sport of every Tom-fool through whose hands I have passed. I have been made an exercise slip for sums in arithmetic. I am tattooed like a South Sea Islander with initials, marks, and jottings. Some would-be wit has blacked both Britannia's eyes and given a title to the Chief Cashier, whose signature now runs, 'F. May, Bart., M.P.' As to my back, it is scribbled all over with names and dates and sketches in outline, as if by tourists on a pyramid. But what does it all matter? We are on our way to that long low-roofed, windowless structure in Threadneedle Street, which is the Mausoleum of our race, and looks it too."

"Why our Mausoleum?" I asked.

"Because no Legal-tender ever re-entered that whited sepulchre to leave it again alive," was the answer. "I presume you saw the words written inside the lip of the envelope?"

On my answering in the negative, she rejoined:—

"It is the Writing on the Wall for you and me, and we are travelling to our doom. The words were only the fatal two, 'CONSCIENCE MONEY,' but they will suffice."

"I think you must be dreadfully mistaken," I returned. "So far from being on the way to our doom, you will find, I think,

that we are going where, in a manner, glory waits us. Don't you know that the notes sent in as Conscience Money are framed as they come to hand, and hung round the Governor's reception rooms, so that visitors, if they have anything on their minds in the form of unpaid taxes, may have a gentle hint that there is an easy way for them out of the difficulty?"

"No, I do not know it," she responded, "and it is not true. What a credulous little goose you must be! It is all a flam of that atrocious little Chaffers, for I was within hearing when he invented it."

* * * *

A slow smile passed across the countenance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as he opened the envelope and realized its contents. It seemed to me to be a gratified expression, as if he thought what a nice little addition we would make to his surplus; but this view was not shared by my companion.

"Nothing of the sort," she declared. "He was smiling to think what an idiot the man must be who sent us."

Without another glance from the Right Honourable gentleman, we were hurried from his presence and passed from one hand to another, until we finally found ourselves, along with a batch of other notes, deposited on a counter in front of a gentleman of middle age and genial aspect, who was reading the *Times*.

"He is obliged, I suppose, to study the City article frequently during the day," I whispered.

"Not at all," was the response. "His present study is a Breach of Promise case."

"Where do all these other Notes come from?" I asked.

"Like you and me," was the answer, "they have just come in from circulation and will never circulate more."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because we have lived our little lives and done our turn of work, and there is no further use for us."

"But I have as much work in me now," I protested, "as I ever had."

"That doesn't count," was the reply. "If you had been 'on the round' for a couple of days, instead of a couple of months as you have been, it would have been all the same. Legal-tenders are allowed only one 'outing.' The day we return from the outer world, our one run of freedom is at an end, for we never have another."

"We might have done something shameful," I exclaimed, "to suffer such treatment. Do you mean to say that we are sent to prison for life, the very first occasion we return, so to speak, to the home of our ancestors?"

"Worse than that," was the reply. "Strictly speaking, all here, ourselves included, are at the present moment awaiting execution."

I felt myself turning a dead white all over, and for a few moments was speechless; but presently, I managed to whisper:

"What is it like? I mean how is it done?"

"Wait and see."

But I could not wait. "Tell me," I implored, "shall we be torn shred from shred, or put in a nasty vat to be rotated night and day till we are reduced to pulp again, or"—as a dreadful thought struck me—"shall we be burnt alive?"

"That comes later on," was the cold-blooded response. "Mutilation comes first."

"I don't believe it," I protested. "You will tell me next that this is the Torture Chamber of the Inquisition."

"And it wouldn't have been so very wide of the mark if I did. Besides——"

But at this moment the pleasant-looking gentleman put the newspaper aside and proceeded to turn his cuffs up.

"What is he doing that for?" I enquired again.

"You'll see presently," replied my friend, "you needn't be in a hurry."

I noticed that the eyes of the gentleman had now fallen with an admiring look upon the note lying nearest to his hand.

"Now, my beauty," he remarked, as he took it up; and there was a slight noise, as of paper sharply torn across, and the note dropped from his hand a mutilated rag. Where the signature of Mr. May, with all that it implies, once ran, there was vacant space. The smiling assassin had literally torn the poor thing's heart out, and left instead a fearful gap in her side. I could have brained him where he sat, if I had been a man; and I said as much to my sister-note.

"He has certainly damaged her shape," was the reply, "and made her rather lop-sided, as if she had the mumps; but what does it matter?"

"You are as heartless," I declared, "as that beaming executioner yonder."

The sickening work went on. Neither rank, nor age, nor youth was spared. Mutilation worse than death was meted out to all.

"Look," I cried, "look at that dear beautiful FIFTY, only three days out! Must she too——"

I dared not look. A slight rustle, a short crisp rent, like a tiny cry, and all was over.

"It seems to me," observed my companion, "an absurd and unaccountable thing, the tenacity with which some people"—evidently pointing at me—"cling to their miserable lives."

"If I were a dirty disreputable rag, like you," I flashed out, "I wouldn't even wait for death. I'd leap into the fire."

"That would be premature, my fair sister," was sneered in reply, "not to say superfluous. Don't be in a hurry. All things come to them who wait, and the genial operator yonder will reach us fast enough, don't you fear."

"And after mutilation?" I asked, with the calmness of despair.

"The punching comes next."

"Punching!" I gasped. "What can you possibly mean?"

"I mean that a couple of holes, like two great eyes, of the size of sixpence each, will be punched in you and me and the rest of us before we arrive at our final course of treatment."

"We shall look perfectly hideous," I exclaimed. "And after being punched?" I asked, with a hysterical gulp.

"Rigid seclusion in the mortuary for defunct Legal-tenders—a doleful place—for five years."

"And after that?" I was just able to utter.

"After that—the burning fiery furnace and the consummation of all things for you and me."

And here my narrative must cease; for before these lines can meet the eyes or touch the heart of the compassionate reader, I, too, may have been shorn of my fair proportions, and taken my place with the innumerable host of pale-faces in the family vault of our race, there to await in silence and darkness our deferred but final doom—Cremation.

GEORGE RAE.



Village Opinion.

MANY people are under a kind of vague impression that the labouring classes look up to the class above them (as represented in the country by the Squire and the Clergyman) with feelings of awe and admiration, as creatures of a diviner creation than themselves, from whom occasional notice is a condescension, and a kind word a striking proof of Christian humility in high places.

This sounds rather harsh and exaggerated when put into words, for words have a disagreeable tendency, when brought into contact with the floating vapours of undefined impression or nebulous opinion, to consolidate and crystallise them into forms for which we are by no means prepared.

Still if this antiquated notion were wholly dead and buried, I doubt whether we should hear as much about our "humble brethren" from country pulpits, or whether we should be so much shocked when one of these same humble brethren *forgets himself*, and takes the liberty of "standing up to us." "I may go down to him, but he is not to come up to me," would express (only expression is so coarse) the feelings of many of us, I think, even in these enlightened Radical days.

I read lately in some biography an anecdote of an exalted philanthropist who, on revisiting late in life the abode of his childhood, recognized among the cottagers one old man with whom he had been personally acquainted. In a moment (I wish I could remember the exact wording) the magnanimous creature held out his hand and actually *shook hands* with him. The act goes down to posterity in large type on the very thickest paper. One sees in imagination the aristocratic Brown Windsor- or Pears-washed fingers in the grasp of the horny hand of the son of toil. What a picture! What an illustration of the Scripture, "condescend to men of low estate!"

And when first you become acquainted with the poor they

take care to put forward this figment of a reverential respect for the upper classes. In fact, it would have died out long ago if it had not been for them. But go a little oftener among them, come to be known as a personal friend and not as a visitor, and a change will come over the spirit of your dream. They become quite at ease with you, begin to regard you as one of themselves, and by slow degrees their real opinions, thoughts, views, come to light; very shrewd and original views, too, on politics, religion, and many other subjects, of which space will not allow us to speak here.

When you have arrived at this degree of intimacy you soon find that the awe with which they themselves impressed upon you that the upper classes were regarded, is a fabrication, devised to please you, a bait to catch soup and flannel-petticoats with, which will be dropped as useless when it is found that these creature-comforts may be relied on in any case.

I have sometimes wondered as I have seen the "Quality" go smiling down the village street, dispensing its "Good days" and nods with gracious liberality, what its feelings would be if it knew how it was really regarded by the "Quantity" who courtesy back and smile so respectfully; if it even suspected the very frank though often kindly criticism to which it is subjected. Of course it is the business of the "Quality" to do the courtesying and smiling. A good deal depends on it. There is nothing more demoralizing or servile in that act of homage than there is in kneeling on the toe of Royalty at a *levée*. It is, with them as with us, not the individual but his position that has a claim on our deference. It does not affect the opinion for the individual in any way. Perhaps, after all, Tommy of the Infants' School, who pulls his forelock to the carriage, is nearest the mark, though he is liable to be misunderstood, and to receive a cheerful nod in reply from the occupant, which is quite lost upon him, his whole attention, eyes and mouth, being taken up by the shining harness, and the beautiful creatures in livery on the box.

Burns has expressed a wish that we could see ourselves as others see us, a wish no doubt more applicable to his own nation than to ours, which receives with cordiality any book on its Island by a foreigner. And in the miniature world of a country parish it is most instructive, nay entertaining, when the first shock has been overcome, to have that wish gratified, and to be permitted to catch a glimpse of what is as a rule, perhaps mercifully, hidden from our eyes.

"And did you get to church on Sunday, Mrs. Smith?"

"Well, yes, my dear, I did. I thought I'd go and have a look at the new curate, and hear what he'd got to say. Poor fellah! he seems but a weakly piece."

Or,

"Yes, I was in church last Sunday night, because I thought it was to be the Rector, and I *like* the Rector, he's not a bit of pride about him. Eh, dear! I was mad when I see that old owl a-gettin into the pulpit."

The bird of ill-omen alluded to was a respected and elderly curate, who was a living proof that the gift of tongues was not hereditary in the church.

If conversation flags, a voluntary contribution perhaps is thrown in.

"I see old Hall yesterday. He was over the Red Coppy shootin' with a lot of men, and he gave me a bit of their luncheon, a scratchin' of old pie. 'There,' he says, 'that'll make a nice dinner for you.' Eh! I do hate to see they rich men so mean, But Lors, what's the good o' talking! He's no gentleman, anybody can see that; and *what can ye expect out of a swill tub, but swill?*"

"Did I go to Miss Em'ly's wedding? In course I did. Lord, I was nigh squeeze to death against the gate, and the best man, that great Sinclair, trod on my fut—the gulpin!—but I seed the bridegroom quite plain with his hat in his hand."

"He's a very nice man, Mrs. Smith, and a very distinguished soldier. The family is delighted with the marriage."

"Well yes, miss, and I daresay it's as well to get 'em married. They're not much to look at, as I can see, and they're werry thin through poor things!" (Emily's waist had been the admiration of the neighbourhood.) "I was only saying to our John the other night, as none of ye seemed to go off. But still I'm not much took with the Colonel myself. I think nought o' his hair, I never could abide that kind o' light colour, and, my dear, he ammelds (ambles) the very moral of our John."

The Colonel had distinguished himself at the expense of a slight limp, while her John halted heavily on a hedge stake.

Gradually also one becomes aware that each of the houses of the neighbourhood has a character as to the comfort it can afford to its servants; and while some are highly approved of, and great efforts are made to get a son or daughter into them, others are held in the lightest esteem, and if a situation in one of them

is offered, it is quietly refused, with polite doubts as to "our Mary being quite equal to it. She had palpitations in her last place with the coal, thanking the lady kindly."

And within a week the palpitating Mary will cheerfully take another situation with rather more coal to carry upstairs for rather less emolument.

"Can you tell me of a nice girl as an under-housemaid?" I asked an old woman the other day, who always knew of "likely lasses."

"And who might it be to?" she enquired doubtfully, pausing to look up from her wash-tub, wipe a soapy finger, and draw it meditatively under her nose.

I mentioned the house; that of a personal friend *at a distance*.

"Lord, miss! and do you think I would help to send any gel *there*, and the missus with such a temper?" was the immediate rejoinder, and the arms plunged back into the soap-suds, and the washing was resumed with great energy.

"Not that I'm saying nought agin the master," she added conscientiously, a moment later. "Everybody has got a good word for him, poor fellah! and he's open-handed, I will say that for him; but with the missus flying into her tantrums, he can't so much as call his soul his own, and there's not a bit of comfort in the place."

Of course if I had not been on intimate terms with my informant I should have been told that she "did not know of a soul;" or if Matilderann had been mentioned, would have opined that "Matilderann couldn't a'bear" the thought of going so far from home.

The Village, too, always knows a great deal more of the "Quality's" family affairs than is ever suspected. We hear of the wonderful way in which Indian Natives become informed of the most secret or distant transactions in an incredibly short space of time; but (with continents intervening to prevent a trial) I should be inclined to back the English labourer, or rather his wife, against any Indian, male or female. What is whispered in secret in the Hall is calmly discussed over the cottage fire, before the different houses of the neighbourhood have an inkling of it. The bird of the air, whether in the shape of a communicative and unscrupulous lady's maid, or a brother in astral-body, carries the matter. Anyhow and anyway it *is* carried.

We fondly believe that there are passages in our lives, that

there have been transactions, nay, that there are certain existing difficulties which we are keeping to ourselves, and that, in the language of the poet,

“Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh.”

Deluded creatures that we are! Setting aside “the tenderest heart” as beyond our province, it is of course possible that our best friends, our nearest relations *may* not know what we have made such strenuous efforts to conceal, may not know what we have told so many white lies about, and smiled over so cheerfully, but—the village knows. It knows why Rose’s engagement was broken off, in spite of that elegant figment about the settlements, which was put forth in the conviction that it would deceive even the elect; the village knows why our relations with our younger brother became so strained after Aunt Jane’s death; poor Aunt Jane who was *not* in a fit state of mind to alter previous testamentary dispositions. And worse than all, the village knows the reason of those sudden journeys which we had hoped and believed were entirely accounted for by that magic word, *business*. It has seen the skeleton in our cupboard. Even the shadow of a skeleton to come is not hidden from its Argus eyes.

The old barrister, whose death brought about such a revelation to his relations, had been able to keep his secret from all of them, but not from the village where he visited his sister twice a year. The discovery fell like a thunderbolt upon his friends, but the village smiled, and remarked complacently that “they had known it all along.”

Village Opinion respecting the upper classes, as represented by those dwelling among them, being thus strongly marked, becomes a giant weapon for good or evil, of which neither class at present appears to conceive the strength. The country gentry are as a city set on a hill, whose short-comings cannot be hid, any more than their incomings and their outgoings; and while their influence for good is unbounded if once they gain the personal respect of their tenantry, so also their example, if selfish and heedless of the well-being of those dependent on them, does harm incalculable.

And the poor *are* dependent on them. It is no use telling the wretched labourer, who has to put basins on his bed to keep the rain off him, that he can always go if he is not content. In nine cases out of ten he cannot go. He cannot leave his trade or his

work. He has no money to move his family. Necessity ties him to the old place. He pays the rent of a water-tight house, and his wife has rheumatic fever. Is it to be supposed that the Squire's answer on being appealed to, that he will see about it, that times are bad at present, and that he has no money to spend, will quite satisfy that awful tribunal—Village Opinion? Is it surprising when the beautifully furred daughter of the Squire arrives with a can of soup for the invalid, that she thinks the people surly and ungrateful? (How tired one is of hearing of the ingratitude of the poor!) She does not know that they are thinking bitterly enough that the cost of her sealskin coat, or half the price of one of her brother's hunters, would have saved them from sickness, and hopeless misery, rot and damp. The feminine mind has a deeply-rooted faith in the omnipotence of soup as a cement between class and class, but no soup, be it resolved into ever so stiff a jelly, no individual acts of kindness avail anything when once that burning sense of injustice has been aroused. It smoulders on and on, as it is right that it should. Then let a red-hot Radical come down from one of the large towns, and set up a shop with Cockney enterprise, and boldly diffuse his opinion regarding the state of things, and the work is done, the fire catches. The flame spreads, and every man's hand will go against the Squire, and a considerable number against the Clergyman, as being aware of the evil, and as having failed in his duty by his parish, in not pressing the Squire into action.

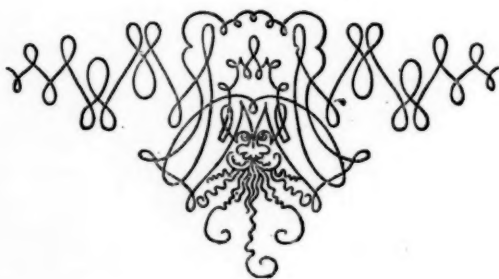
There are other common pieces of injustice which cut very deep, and no amount of desultory kindness will salve over the wound—more shame if it could! But we must not drift out of our province into that much-vexed question of the rights and wrongs of the poor. We wish only to draw the attention of those having authority to the very sharp and sometimes scathing criticism to which their words and deeds are subjected; to the perception that Village Opinion, though *as yet* only an under-current, is a very strong under-current, which may either set harmlessly inshore, or out to sea. It remains with those occupying prominent positions in the country (and every petty Squireen has a prominent position in his own eyes, and in the eyes of those over whom his rule extends) to utilize the weapon in their hands. It is justice and not kindness that will make the labouring class loyal. But when, as one sometimes sees, justice is followed up by kindness, or kindness rouses

a slothful justice, the result is the same in either case. The people, for whom the Squire did what it was only right he should do, and then "went out of his way" and added thereto a little kindness, will go through fire and water for him, and he will never have reason to say that those for whom he has worked are ungrateful. His little faults of temper will be overlooked, a volley of unparliamentary language will be condoned as "a hasty word," while the broad grin will always be ready for the Squire's joke, and it will be met by many a sparkle of rough village wit.

A man of this description will be almost worshipped by *his own people*,—significant phrase. Village Opinion will become Village Enthusiasm, and a certain proud sense of proprietorship will take the place of criticism.

"There's not his like in the whole country side. Bless his heart, he *is* a good 'un!"

THE AUTHOR OF "THE DANVERS JEWELS."



Foundation Stones of English Music.

IV.

NATIONAL MELODIES.

"It is old and plain :

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it ; it is silly sooth
And dallies with the innocence of love

Like the old age."—*Twelfth Night*.

FLETCHER of Saltoun said that "if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make all the laws of a nation." It is hardly necessary after such a statement to say that a place among our Musical Foundation Stones must assuredly belong to its national airs. In them and through them speaks the spirit of the people ; and no surer basis will be found for the cultivation of musical tastes among the wholly uneducated public. Intellectual music can never be the commencement of taste, but the people's songs can be, nay, are ; for they show the natural musical bent of a nation, and if, as in our own case, good and numerous, they cannot fail to point out the characteristics which cultivation may be expected to evoke from musicians. Chopin is a good instance of this theory, his wild romantic music being exactly what one might expect from the cultivated musician born among the gipsy melodies of his native land. The same thing seems already proved in our own case. Our national airs, taken as a whole, all possess more or less *hymn-like* characteristics. Our greatest composers have certainly always excelled in devotional music, for the Madrigal music might well come under such a head, and in appreciation of it we stand first, for England is assuredly the home, if not the birthplace of the Oratorio. It is even said that a great German conductor of the present day had never had occasion to conduct the Messiah

until he did so in England, a fact which, if correct, testifies somewhat forcibly to the peculiar attachment of our nation to sacred music.

It may seem strange to some readers that the next step in discussing "Foundation Stones," after our one great, individual musical production Henry Purcell, should not be to consider the works of Dr. Arne and his followers in their versatile song-writing as a school. It is proposed, however, to consider them here in their chronological position from the point of view of individual writers of national melodies, in as far as they were composers of what the verdict of time has already decided to be national airs. Some critics have considered that Arne was the most representative of all our song writers, and Wagner has said that "Rule Britannia" contains in its first eight bars the whole character of the British people! Personally we should prefer to think that the unknown author of "Drink to me only with thine eyes," best represented our national melody in that most beautiful of all people's songs; but perhaps the very best of anything is never so truly representative, or, therefore, so national in spirit; no one can deny that "Rule Britannia" has a certain Philistine (otherwise British!) dogmatic feeling about it, which the refined poetry of music, as well as words, in "Drink to me only" neither represents nor possesses.

Thibaut, in his "Purity in Musical Art," a most valuable authority on many musical subjects, tells us that "all the songs that emanate from the people themselves, or are adopted by them and preserved as favourites, are as a rule pure and clear in character like that of a child. Such songs almost invariably re-echo the emotions of vigorous unperverted minds, and for that very reason have in various ways quite a peculiar value from their connection with great national events; and dating from times when nations had all the innocence of youth, they seize with irresistible force upon minds which, however much warped, are still alive to true and genuine impulse. For this reason I hold the study of popular songs . . . such songs as live and thrive in the popular mind, to be of the utmost importance." It does seem certainly as if the quiet, unemotional, slightly Puritanical spirit of the English people had crept somewhat into its Airs. Many of them, as we have before said, might be hymns; by far the greatest number are in minor keys, even those appertaining to jollity and revelry, as in "Henry VIII.'s tune." There is plenty of feeling of a quiet character

and much beautiful melody to be found in them, but they are as distinctive in expressing national life and feeling as those of the light-hearted Neapolitan; an absolutely unmusical critic, given their respective melodies without words, could not fail to discover which belonged to our grey skies and which to the sunny shores of the Mediterranean.

This hymn-like class of air comprises by far the largest number of our national melodies: a second division may be made of those in celebration of great national events or possessions; "The British Grenadiers," "Rule Britannia," "Trafalgar Bay," &c., are well-known examples of this class, and, as we have said, were considered by Wagner the most representative airs of our nation. They are, however, not so numerous as those contained in the former class, and therefore we must beg to differ from the great composer's selections from and estimate of our popular melodies. Mr. W. Chappell, in his delightful book on English national airs, gives a most interesting account of the earliest national singing in our island of which there is any record, dating about 1185, translated from the original of Cambrensis, Archdeacon and afterwards Bishop of St. David's. He says, "the Britons do not sing their tunes in unison like the inhabitants of other countries, but in different parts. So that when a company of singers meets to sing as is usual in this country, as many different parts are heard as there are singers; in the northern parts of Britain the inhabitants make use of a kind of symphonious harmony, but with only two differences in varieties of tone and voice, the one murmuring the under part, the other singing the upper in a manner equally soft and pleasing . . . this they do not so much by art as by a habit peculiar to themselves . . . only those of the north sing in this manner." It is interesting to find that our northern choirs, whose tone and tune are still so far in advance of those of the south, owe their superiority to the inheritance of centuries.

The earliest specimens of English national melody we believe to be found in the now well-known Madrigal "Summer is a coming in," which dates about 1250. One of its earliest arrangements was as a six-part song for men, but it is now generally accepted that this was formed on an original national song, "selected according to the custom of the time as a basis for harmony." Its character is purely pastoral, suggestive of shepherds' pipes and birds' notes; that there is a very English ring about the music must be allowed; as melody, however, which

indeed is only to be expected, it bears no comparison with those of more recent date, and is principally interesting as being the earliest specimen attainable of English national music.

It is not within the province of this article to deal with the harpers and minstrels who preceded and followed the time of "Summer is a coming in." Their songs, no doubt, held a national position interesting the people, and being sung by them; but little of their art has come down to us, and the establishment of printing in England was the signal for their decadence. People ceased to care to listen to their long yarns when they could buy the little printed collections of songs called "Garlands" for themselves. Suffice it to say that in those early days the position of minstrel was a very prominent and important one; no great house was without its minstrel band, whose payment was far in advance of that of the ordinary clergy. In the 14th century music seems to have been almost as general as it is at present; the instruments used were the "harp, psaltery, rebec, fiddle, bagpipe, flute, trumpet, rote, and gittern." Abundant passages can be found in the works of Chaucer (from which both Burney and Chappell have largely drawn), showing that all his most important characters were credited with some skill in music, and thus testifying to the fashion of the day. The minstrel's dress, we are told in a later account, was a long gown of Kendal green; "after three lowly curtsies he cleared his voice with a hem—wiped his lips with the hollow of his hand, tempered a string or two with his wrist, and after a little warbling on his harp for prelude, came forth with a solemn song." We also know that the minstrels "flourished exceedingly," indeed too much so! for towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, when their decline was already far advanced, so many dishonest persons had adopted the calling, that an Act of Parliament was obliged to be passed deciding that minstrels wandering abroad "were rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, to be punished as such."

From the reign of Henry VIII., the really interesting period of our national airs began. Before looking into a few of these airs individually, it may be worth while to know a little about the various collections that have been made of them. The earliest *printed* collection of songs is one now in the British Museum. It belonged to Wynkyn de Worde; its words are nearly all secular, and show a decided "folk-character," though the music, as far as can be judged from the small portion that remains of it, was in the style of the contemporary Nether-

landish School. The book was printed in 1530, and is a lovely piece of work, far finer than anything English of the next two centuries. Previous to this there were of course many such collections in manuscript, both in public and private libraries. In 1660 we have the first book of music published in Oxford (as stated in its preface with plentiful apologies for, it must be allowed, plentiful blunders) by John Wilson, containing some settings of Shakspearian songs, also of such well-known words as "Awake, the morn will never rise." We suppose most of these words are set at least once in every fifty years; the interest of each version consisting principally in its date. "God Lycus ever young," however, has a good tune, and Banister's setting of "By those eyes which are o'erflowing" is not unworthy of the words. There is also an interesting setting of Carew's splendid poem, "Ask me no more," probably the original one. About 1673 came Playford's book of songs, perhaps the best of early collections, and the first *engraved* vocal music. It was followed in 1678 by, "Ayres and Dialogues by John Banister and Thomas Low," containing an excellent preface: "Musicke is good or bad as the end to which it tendeth. Among those things wherewith the mind of man is wont to be delighted, I can find nothing that is more great, more healthful, more honest, than Musicke . . . for it doth drive away cares, persuade men to gentleness, represseth and stirreth anger, nourisheth arts, encreaseth concord, inflameth heroical minds to gallant attempts, curbeth vice, breedeth virtues, and nurseth them when they are born, and composeth men to good fashions." A collection appeared in 1694, termed "Loyal Songs;" these were mostly used for political purposes, apparently with success, for we are told that "the misinformed rabble began to hear Truth in a song," or as George Herbert has put it—

"A verse may find him who a Sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice."

Perhaps about the most celebrated collection is one in six volumes entitled "D'Urfey's Pills to Purge Melancholy," published about 1719, the preface to which is so amusing in its self-conceit, that a few words of it must be retailed here. The compiler, speaking of himself, proceeds to state that he "must presume to say scarce any man could have performed (collected) the like: my double genius for music and poetry giving me still that ability which others might want." No doubt such things are still

occasionally thought by authors, but we doubt if ever so bare-faced an assertion has been maintained in print ! This collection contains among others the well-known, "What though they call me Country Lass," made famous by Mrs. Cibber, whose audiences loved the dash of her "Stand by, clear the way," at the end of each verse's refrain. As illustrations of the odd subjects which were even at this date thought worthy of being set to music, we may mention one song of some dozen verses on "The Praise of Worm Powder, written by Mr. Pope," and Leveridge's "Wheel of Life," in these volumes has also a very homely and unpoetical sound,

"The wheel of Life is turning quickly round."
And nothing in this world of certainty is found
The midwife wheels us in, and death wheels us out,
Good lack ! good lack ! how things are wheeled about !"

Leveridge was a famous bass singer in his day, and himself brought out a collection of songs in 1727 with a quaint motto on the title-page there set to notes.

"To sing my songs will free your lungs from all oppression.
Spleen will die and vapours fly."

This motto reminds us how curious it is in searching among old musical records to find the number of allusions that exist to the effect of music on the health of mankind. There is an interesting essay written about 1729, called "*Medicina Musica, a Mechanical Essay on the effect of Singing, Music and Dancing on Human bodies ;*" its object being entirely to prove the various influences of music on the general health, and how it might be utilized from a curative point of view. To return to our collections ; another curious old song book is Bickam's "*Musical Entertainer,*" with most elaborate engravings as headings to each ditty ; this, like many others of its time, is written for voice and flute. The really valuable collection of English Airs is John Stafford Smith's "*Musica Antiqua,*" published in 1812 ; the other books alluded to have the value of antiquity and curiosity, and are of course the sources from which Stafford Smith drew, but his volumes, including airs from the commencement of the 12th to the beginning of the 18th century, was the best collection of English airs musically and historically, until Mr. W. Chappell published his "*Popular Music of the Olden Time*" in 1840 ; which is a work on a very different scale of interest and value to anything that preceded it ; he has spared neither time, trouble, nor research in making it historically and musically a collection impossible to surpass. He has had exceptional opportunities of

dealing with unknown MSS. both in public and private libraries, with the satisfactory result that as an authority on English melodies he stands absolutely alone.

Mrs. Wodehouse, in her admirable article on the songs of all nations, states what appear to her the chief characteristics of English melodies. She says some distinguishing features "appear to be the absence of chromatic notes in the melody, and of modulations into distantly related keys in the harmony. The tonic and dominant, and occasionally the sub-dominant, are often the only chords used in harmonizing the tune. Another and most characteristic feature is the frequent occurrence of diatonic passing notes. Of this peculiarity 'Rule Britannia' or 'The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington' are good examples. A third is the constant habit of English tunes to begin with the dominant on the last beat of the bar, and either descend or ascend to the tonic for the first beat of the new bar, as in 'The British Grenadiers' and numbers more." The partiality of English composers for the leading note is also a characteristic feature to observe.

To return to the commencement of the 16th century. We are told by Erasmus, speaking of the English of that date that, "they challenge the prerogative of having the most handsome women, of keeping the best tables, and of being most accomplished in the skill of music of any people." In those days also we occasionally exported music to Italy in contrast to the more usual practice of a later date, for Drayton writes in his "Legend of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex,"—

"Not long it was e'er Rome did of me ring.
Hardly shall Rome such free days see again;
Of *Freemen's Catches* to the Pope I sing,
Which won much licence for my countrymen.
Thither the which I was the first to bring
That were unknown in Italy till then."

The accounts given by Pasqualigo, the Venetian Ambassador to Henry VIII.'s Court, are most flattering to our music, and Henry's own love of song and composition is proved to have been very considerable by what he has left behind him. "The King's Ballad," the MS. of which is in the British Museum, was one of the most popular melodies of its time, and indeed deservedly so: the words have a healthy outspoken ring about them, though Henry's virtues, as represented in his poetry, were somewhat in advance of those practised in his life!

“Pastime with good company I love,
And shall until I die ;
Grudge who will but none deny
So God be pleased this life will I.

For my pastance,
Hunt sing and dance ;
My heart is set
All goodly sport
To my comfort
Who shall me let.

Company with honesty
Is virtue, and vice to flee ;
Company is good or ill,
But ev'ry man hath his free will.

The best I sue,
The worst eschew ;
My mind shall be
Virtue to use
Vice to refuse
I shall use me."

The tune is delightful ; simple and grave to our way of thinking for such words ; but after all the moral hymn-quality to which we have before referred shows itself very strongly in the words of the last verse, so perhaps after all the appropriateness of music and words is there. A very pretty little love-song of the same date is "Ah the sighs that come fro' my Heart," each verse ending with a curious species of turn very often to be found in the melodies of this time.



These two airs of King Henry's reign are probably little known, but another belongs to it which is as familiar as a household word, "The Three Ravens." This we consider one of the finest of our national melodies: it is unnecessary to describe or criticise it, for it has made itself known and felt wherever true poetry and melody are cared for.

"The King's Hunt is up" is a fine spirited song, twice alluding to "Harry our King," written probably by William Gray, a favourite of Henry's "for making certaine merry ballades." In those days any song intended for matutinal awakening was termed a "hunts-up" or morning music, and many love songs

were thus entitled. The following few lines will give an idea of the use of the expression in this manner.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady dear,
A morn in spring is the sweetest thing
Cometh in all the year.

"The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Awake, my lady sweet,
I come to thy bower, at this lov'd hour,
My own true love to greet."

A most beautiful and little known air of the time of Henry VIII. is "O Death, rock me asleep," both music and words supposed to be composed by the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, which her wretched history renders only too probable. Its tune and one verse are to be found in a MS. of Henry's time written for one voice without accompaniment. There is in the British Museum, however, another copy with accompaniment for the lute. The tolling of the passing bell and the utter melancholy of the whole air perfectly represent the misery of the words ; one verse will suffice to show its character :

"O Death, rock me asleep ! Bring me to quiet rest :
Let pass my weary, guiltless life out of my careful breast ;
Toll on the passing bell, Ring out my doleful knell,
Let thy sound my death tell.
Death doth draw near me, ;
There is no remedy."

We consider it one of the finest melodies we have come across. Shakspeare alludes to it. In "Henry IV.," Pistol exclaims :

"What ! shall we have incision ? shall we imbrue ?
Then, *death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days !*"

Passing on to the time of Elizabeth, whose long reign was one burst of melody, the difficulty of selection among our endless national airs of this date becomes very serious. Song was the order of the day. "Tinkers sang catches ; milkmaids sang ballads ; carters whistled ; each trade and even the beggars had their special songs ; the base-viol hung in the drawing-room for the amusement of waiting visitors ; and the lute, cittern and virginals, for the amusement of waiting customers, were the necessary furniture of the barber's shop. They had music at dinner ; music at supper ; music at weddings ; music at funerals ; music at night ; music at dawn ; music at work ;

music at play." * Even with reference to engaging servants, we are told by a contemporary author,

"Such servants are oftenest painful and good,
That sing in their labour as birds in the wood!"

Among the hundreds of allusions both in poetry and prose to the accomplishments and attractions of the fair sex at this date, that of music is always one of the most prominent. If the following lines give a true description of woman's position in the reign of Elizabeth, perhaps there are some even in the 19th century who would part with women's rights, to return to, as Yankees have it, "such a good time!"

"This is all that women do,
Sit and answer them that woo;
Deck themselves in new attire
To entangle fresh desire;
After dinner sing and play,
Or dancing pass the time away!"

A Frenchman in his description of England at this time considered it "the paradise of women, as Spain and Italy are their purgatory." †

We will give the first place among the airs of this date to the only one written, we believe, by Dowland, a celebrated musician of the time, those madrigals we touched upon in a previous article. This air has been generally known by the title of "the Frog Galliard," ‡ but in Dowland's "First Book of Songs," 1597, it is adapted to the beautiful words, "Now, oh now, I needs must part." Nothing could be more charming than either words or music. It is not, as far as we are aware, a very well known melody, and ought most certainly to become more so. Dowland and Spenser were together celebrated in a sonnet by Barnfield as representing Music and Poetry, and Anthony Wood tells us that the former was "the rarest musician that the eye did behold."

The correct date of the fine old tune of "the British Grenadiers" seems not very certain, but as one called "All you that love good fellows," found in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal book, is evidently its root, if not its original form, we need not hesitate to place it in this period. Mr. Chappell thinks that, "next to the National Anthem, there is not any tune of a more spirit-

* Chappell.

† De Rocheford.

‡ Galliard, meaning an old dance of a lively character. Shakspeare says, "I did think by the excellent constitution of thy leg that it was formed under the star of a galliard."

stirring character, nor is any one more truly characteristic of English national music." The well-known "Bailiff's daughter of Islington" is found to possess two already published tunes, both of which date from Elizabeth's reign. The first is a pretty little air in G minor, discovered by De Rimbault in a lute MS.; the second is the well-known one printed in all the collections of English National Melodies and sung in most parts of the country. We have the pleasure, however, owing to the kindness of Miss L. E. Broadwood, of giving here a third and hitherto unpublished setting of this famous song as taken down from rustic singers by her uncle, Mr. John Broadwood, in 1840. The song was then considered to be of very ancient date; whether it has a right to an Elizabethan position we cannot pretend to say, but it was, and is, the traditional tune to the Bailiff's daughter sung in Sussex and the adjoining counties, and is such an extremely charming version that it well deserves to be better known. Perhaps its publication here may lead to an opinion being expressed as to its probable date.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER.

Harmonised by L. E. BROADWOOD.



From the same source we give two more songs, now appearing for the first time before the public; either of those we should have little hesitation in placing in this early period, even doubting if they do not belong to a previous one. The words have of course been modernized, but that must be the case with most of the songs of olden times. Both these tunes are exceedingly beautiful. "The moon shines bright" has probably been used as

a Carol. "A sweet country life" is a genuine English people's song; combining all its characteristics, the minor tune to the cheerful words, with the little vein of moral teaching running throughout!

A SWEET COUNTRY LIFE.

Harmonised by A. M. W.



A sweet country life is to me both dear and charming,
For to walk abroad in a fine summer's morning.
Your houses, your cities, your lofty gay towers,
In nothing can compare with the sweet shady bowers.

Oh! little do I admire your robes and fine dresses,
Your silks, and your scarlets, and other excesses;
For my own country clothing is to me more endearing
Than your pretty sweet mantle, for 'tis homespun wearing.

No fiddle, no flute, no hautboy or spinet,
Can ever compare with the lark or the linnet;
Adown as I lay among the green bushes,
I was charmed by the notes of the blackbirds and thrushes.

As Johnny the ploughboy was walking alone
To fetch home his cattle, so early in the morn,
There he spied pretty Nancy all among the green bushes,
She was singing much sweeter than blackbirds or thrushes.

'Twas down in the meadows, beneath the high mountain,
Where she sat a-milking by the side of a fountain ;
The flocks they were grazing in the dew of the morning
Bright Phœbus did shine, the hills all adorning.

So now to conclude, and to end my ditty,
To all you country lasses that are so neat and pretty ;
Oh ! never do forsake your own country employment,
No cities can afford half so sweet an enjoyment !

THE MOON SHINES BRIGHT.

Harmonised by A. M. W.



The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,
In a little time it will be day ;
The Lord our God, He calls upon us all,
And bids us awake and pray.

Awake, awake, good people all,
Awake, and you shall hear
How Christ was born all upon this morn
For the Lord loved us so dear.

So dear, so dear Christ lovèd us,
And for our sins was slain ;
So pray leave off your wickedness
And turn to the Lord again.

The fields so green, so wondrous green,
As green as any leaf, (*sic*)
The Lord our God He watereth them
With His heavenly dew so sweet.

The life of man it is but a span,
His beauty is like a flower ;
To-day he is strong, and to-morrow he is gone,
For he fadeth in less than a hour.

Repent, repent, good people all,
Repent, while yet you may,
For it is too late for to repent
When dead and turned to clay.

Now my song it is done, and I must be gone,
No longer can I tarry here ;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a happy new year.

It seems almost absurd that our selection from the Elizabethan songs, with the exception of the Shakspearian, should end with these few instances, with such a mass of beautiful melody lying before us, but such must be the case here : of these instances two well-known ones have been purposely chosen in preference to less familiar ditties, as being of more interest to the general public than the selection of airs with which they are probably unacquainted. One of the most delightful portions of Elizabethan songs, however, is to be found in the various settings of Shakspeare's immortal verse. They have since been the theme of musicians of every age, but those we shall mention here were the original airs to which the people themselves wedded their great poet's wonderful inspirations, and which at the present day seem to have become the property of their accompanying words. Such a setting is, "It was a Lover and his Lass;" it was found in a MS. now in the Advocate's Library in Edinburgh, bearing the date 1639. The first edition of "As you Like it" was only printed in 1623, so little time elapsed before a setting of these words existed, which had already become popular. "A poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree," seems to have received its musical clothing perhaps a few years before 1600. It is to be found in the same MS. in the British Museum that contains Anne Bolyen's beautiful song, to which we have before alluded. The burden or refrain, "O willow, willow," seems to have been a very usual one in songs of the 16th century ; this song contains an unusual amount of modulation, passing through two distinct keys in four bars, a very unusual feature in English melodies, and not perhaps wholly pleasing in this instance. "When that I was a little tiny boy," from "Twelfth Night," and Ophelia's fragments, are still sung on the stage to the music given them in Shakspeare's own time. Miss Field and Mrs. Jordan made the latter celebrated in their time, and Miss Ellen Terry has done so in our own.

The reigns of James I. and Charles I. gave us many songs

which are still household words. "Once I loved a maiden fair," "You gentlemen of England" (originally "Countriemen of England") are thoroughly familiar to every one: so is "Since first I saw your face," by Thomas Ford, conspicuous among our melodies as being the work of a musician of some standing in his time, and for the author's name being known by posterity, both rare events where national music is concerned. This was originally a song for one voice, with lute accompaniment, and has no right whatever to the title of madrigal, which is often misapplied to it. "Love will find out the way," is only second in our estimation to Ford's beautiful song among airs of this date: that its wonderful words should have come down to us anonymously seems to be in accordance with the fate of some of the most splendid productions of genius—the thinker is forgotten, but the thought lives.

The Commonwealth was a sad time for music, and national melodies fared badly like the rest. Still we have a certain number mostly from the collection before alluded to of "Loyal Songs," of which the dates are easily classified, for there is hardly one of them that does not in some way express the political feelings of the time. They naturally emanated from the Cavaliers, and represent their views; the Commonwealth, therefore, may perhaps be a little hardly dealt with, though scarcely so if the following lines by a writer at the time express its musical position.

"No organ-idols with pure ears agree,
Nor anthems—why? Nay, ask of them, not me;
There's new church music found instead of those,
The woman's sighs tuned to the Preacher's nose."

The Cavaliers were obliged to assert themselves in words where they could not in deeds, and they had a "God save the King" of those days entitled "Vive le Roy," in which they certainly did not spare their antagonists. It was a most popular ditty, and alluded to again and again in ballads of the time. A lovely air, with the title "Love lies bleeding," is also to be found in "Loyal Songs," another example of the political influences of the time on its ballads.

Lay by your pleading,
Love lies ableeding,
Burn all your poetry and throw away your reading;
Piety is painted,
And truth is tainted,
Love is called a reprobate, and schism now is sainted.

The well-known "North Country Lass" belongs to this period, and is one of the few songs possessing no political allusions.

With the opening of the reign of Charles the Second came that fine popular song, "Here's a health unto his Majesty," the spirit of which was so admirably described in a play of the time, "Come let us all be musitioners, and all roar and sing *Here's a health unto his Majesty, with a fa la la.*" We wonder that it has not been (as far as we are aware) observed, however, that this tune is almost identical with that of "Once I loved a maiden fair," of which it is hardly even an adaptation. Other well-known airs of the time of Charles II. are, "Love me little, Love me long," and "The Leather bottle." Nevertheless Charles was not much addicted to English music, and preferred to encourage much that was worthless as long as it was Continental; indeed it is said of him that he did not like any music much to which the Royal foot could not beat time! There is at the same time an instance to the contrary in a lovely little song by Pelham Humphreys, given by Sir John Hawkins, in his 'History of Music,' entitled "I pass all my days in a shady old grove," the words of which claim the King's authorship; and we may therefore conclude that the music had his approval.

A charming song of this date, though perhaps it may hardly be allowed a place in national melodies, was Henry Lawes' setting of Waller's lovely words, "While I listen to thy voice." Lawes had an idea, new then, to express words by musical sounds, of which this song is a fine example; and therefore the poets of the time cared for him to set their verse. Milton tells us that he—

"First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent.

Having called the attention of our readers to a song of Lawes and Pelham Humphreys, we cannot close our notice of the 17th century without an allusion to one of Purcell's. Perhaps some critic may consider none of them have a right to a place among national melodies; but if English words, authorship, longevity and musical style constitute a claim, they must certainly be allowed that position. "What shall I do to show how much I love her?" is one of Purcell's most exquisite vocal pieces, though little known or sung. The words are by Dryden, and as it is published and attainable, we would specially call our readers' attention to it.

Let us begin the melodies of the 18th century with the story

of "Sally in our Alley," by Henry Carey, as told by its author, who wrote both words and music; the original tune, however, is not usually sung to the words now, a version of "The Country Lass" having been substituted. Carey's tune is a good one, and characteristic of his time, but it is probably too late to suggest such an innovation as a return to it. The author tells us that the composition was occasioned by the following incident. "A shoemaker's 'prentice making holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet shows, the flying chairs, and all the elegancies of Moorfields, from whence proceeding to the farthing-pye-house, he gave her a collation of buns, cheesecakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef, and bottled ale, through all which scenes the author dodged them. Charmed with the simplicity of their courtship, he drew from what he had witnessed this little sketch of nature; but being then young and obscure, he was much ridiculed by some of his acquaintance for this performance, which nevertheless made its way in the polite world, and amply recompensed him by the applause of the *divine Addison*, who was pleased more than once to mention it with approbation." At least six other songs have been printed to Carey's tune, a fact which sufficiently testifies to its popularity; but about 1760 it was, without any apparent reason, put aside in favour of the older air.

"Simon Alyn, Canon of Windsor, was Vicar of Bray, in Berkshire, from 1540 to 1588. He was a Papist under Henry VIII., and a Protestant under Edward VI.; he was a Papist again under Mary, and once more became a Protestant in the reign of Elizabeth. When this scandal to the gown was reproached for his versatility of religious creeds, and taxed for being a turncoat and an inconstant changeling, as Fuller expresses it, he replied, 'Not so neither; for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle; which is to live and die Vicar of Bray.'" It is said that the well-known song founded on this history was written by a soldier in Col. Fuller's Dragoons during the reign of George I.; it is set to a fine spirited tune, originally known as "a Country Garden."

Some time during the 18th century (probably the reign of George II.), the lovely tune of "Drink to me only with thine eyes" saw light. "All attempts to discover the author of this simple and beautiful air have hitherto proved unavailing, and in all probability will remain so." * Ben Jonson's words, after so

* Chappell.

many years, found a worthy setting. Dr. Boyce, so celebrated for his collection of Cathedral music, was the composer of two songs, among others well worthy of notice, an excellent contrast in style from one pen. The first known to every one, "Hearts of Oak," the words by David Garrick; the second, in our opinion, much more interesting, but now difficult to obtain; its title is "On a bank beside a willow." It was published in the "British Orpheus," a "musical periodical" of 1758, and was found originally without symphonies or accompaniment, with the exception of an unfigured Bass. This charming pathetic little love song, in C minor, may, it is hoped, be shortly brought out of its retirement.

No music of Dr. Arne has stood the test of time so well as his national melodies and his Shakespearian settings. It is somewhat sad to look down the long list of his larger works, feeling almost certain that few, if any, of them which were the delight of his own generation, are known to the present one. Whether this oblivion is merited or not is beyond the province of the present paper, and we gladly turn to his Shakspearian songs, which, as Mr. Husk says of "Where the Bee sucks," are of perennial beauty. Of course the influence of Handel is very prominent in all these songs, but they combine with it a great freshness of their own, and already the decision of a century has placed them in a position they are not likely to lose. The music of "Under the Greenwood tree," and "Blow, thou Winter wind," was written for a production of "As You Like It" at Drury Lane in 1740, after the play had dropped out of sight for forty years, and has always been given with it since. For a revival of the "Tempest," Arne also wrote the music for the masque and the air "Where the Bee sucks."

These songs, with the addition of "Where Daisies pied," would alone entitle Arne to a prominent place among our musicians and national melodists, but his claim to the latter right has been still more strongly established by his famous song, "Rule Britannia." It was originally contained in his masque of "Alfred," performed in 1740 at an *al fresco* entertainment in the garden of Cliefden, Bucks, then the residence of Frederick Prince of Wales. On this occasion the song first saw light which "will continue to be heard as long as the love of country animates the breasts of Englishmen." * Among Shakspearian melodies of this date must not be forgotten Stevens' well-known setting of "Sigh no more, ladies;" nor yet Bishop's "Home

* W. H. Husk.

sweet Home." The latter, however, has not a peculiarly national ring about it; Bishop, as is well known, formed his writing exclusively on Italian models.

It only remains for us now to turn our attention to the National Anthem. Lully, Handel, Dr. Bull, and many others, have had its authorship claimed for them by various partizans. No less than seven claims have more or less right to a hearing, and the final duel has to be fought out between Dr. John Bull and Henry Carey. An air greatly resembling the National Anthem was certainly written by the former, in honour of James I.; but Mr. Chappell tells us, among many other proofs against Dr. Bull, that "all the research devoted to the subject has hitherto failed in adducing a single instance of such a hymn or anthem having been sung on a public occasion before 1740."

This remark has no reference to the actual words "God save the King," which of course are to be found constantly from translations of the Old Testament downwards. In Henry VII.'s reign there was a sort of anthem with these words in it, and until the time of Charles I. frequent mentions are found of them. Then for the Stewart's reigns the two songs most approved of were, "The King shall enjoy his own again," and "Vive le Roy," which latter remained so popular, that one was written for George I.

We now come to the claim of Henry Carey, who has been finally decided to be the author of "God save the King," with words and music as it now stands. John Christopher Smith is the most important witness in this matter, for he asserts that Carey took the MS. to him "to correct the bass." The song was published (or rather pirated) anonymously, of which treatment, with regard to much music, Carey often complains; in 1740 he is stated to have sung it at a tavern in Cornhill. Carey's other music is constantly seen to consist of the peculiarity also found in "God save the King;" namely six bars in Part I. and eight bars in Part II. All the phrases consist of two bars apiece, so there is nothing objectionable in this, although it was unusual with composers of that date. The earliest printed copy of this song has been found in "*Harmonia Anglicana*" of the reign of George II., about 1742. With the exception of third note in bar one (which remains like the two first, instead of ascending a tone), it will be found almost identical with our present Anthem. From this date its popularity commenced; it was much sung in the theatres, and in the time of George IV. was constantly demanded as many as fifteen times in one night. There is an

interesting account of it about this date contained in the "Harmonicon," describing among other things how singers used to embellish it with runs, turns, &c., more especially upon the word "God" at the end of each verse. This hateful custom is happily now quite obsolete. We have given the national anthem to Hanover, Brunswick, Prussia, Saxony, Weimar, Sweden and Russia (until the present Russian hymn was composed in 1833). The final testimony to it was the homage of the greatest of all musicians, Beethoven, who introduced it into his "Battle Symphony," and said of it, "I must show the English a little what a blessing they have in 'God save the King.'"

In this short survey of our National Melodies, their influence and their history, such a mass of interesting material has had to be put on one side, that the writer cannot but feel that a very inadequate account has been given, compared with what might be done with greater space at command. With little or nothing of biography connected with their authors, most of them being unknown, they are yet indissolubly united with the events, thoughts, and feelings of the age to which they belong; they seem to place the social life of each century before us in a way history does not pretend to do; and if there be some readers who may think too great prominence has been given them, in placing them among our "Foundation Stones," we would reply to them in the words of Sir William Temple, "I know very well that many who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both music and poetry as toys and trifles for the use or entertainment of serious men; but whoever find themselves wholly insensible to their charms would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper and bringing the goodness of their nature, if not of their understandings, into question. While this world lasts, I doubt not but what the pleasure of these two entertainments will do so too, and happy those that content themselves with these or any other so easy and so innocent, and do not trouble the world or other men because they cannot be quiet themselves, though nobody hurts them."

The true foundation stone of music is its simple side; to lead students into its deeper paths should be the aim of all who truly love it, to follow

"After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear."

A. M. WAKEFIELD.

From Major von Rosenfeldt,

1st GRENADIER REGIMENT, KRONPRINZ,

TO

Col. von Hoffman,

FELD ARTILLERIE, REG. NR. 10.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

DEAR KARL,

You remind me of my promise to give you my impressions of this country. It would truly seem at first sight that in these days of telegraphs and "special correspondents" nothing remained to be told with which all the world was not already familiar. There are, nevertheless, some facts which neither the correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* nor the pages of *Baedeker* make clear to you at home. I shall naturally have something to say about the affairs of the army and the marine. I say naturally, though here in England such a subject would be considered a very strange one for me to deal with. These English are a strange people, and the fact that a man has devoted the whole of his life to the study of those things which concern our profession, is generally held by them to disqualify him from taking any part in discussing them, and still more from giving any opinion with respect to them. This must, of course, seem strange enough to you. But indeed, though our friends here merit in some particulars that reputation for being "practical men" which they have acquired among us, there are others in which their methods of proceeding are so unsystematic, so illogical, and in consequence so unprolific, that I cannot refrain from regarding them with ceaseless wonder.

Still as I am a German and not an English officer, I shall take the liberty of writing to you about military affairs. You will rightly suppose that we have but little to learn from the English with regard to the study or practice of war. But

whatever it may be desirable for us to know in this country it is peculiarly easy to investigate.

The one person to whom all doors are open in the military establishments of this country is the scientific officer of another nation. The complaisance which they show to those who may some day be their enemies, they compensate by their churlishness and mystery in dealing with those whom they know are their friends. It is strange to think that many English officers are compelled to seek information as to their own service from our *attaché* here. You will naturally ask me the reason of this comical arrangement. I cannot give it you. I lately heard a high official declare that it was necessary to grant permissions to foreign officers before all, on the ground that were such permissions withheld, English officers would be forbidden to make similar inspections in other countries. I saw at once that this official must either have been speaking in jest or with the object of deceiving some one, for of course it is laughable to suppose that our own Government, or indeed any other, really accords such privileges to inquisitive Britons. I should like to hear some of our good comrades at Kiel, Strasburg, or Ehrenbreitstein tell us what they think of such a conception as this! But I have only mentioned this to show you that I am not without the means of learning whatever is to be learnt in this England.

As I have said, in many matters the English are a practical people, and in those matters which concern them privately they exhibit a shrewdness and an energy which are remarkable, and worthy of high praise. It is the more remarkable that in public matters concerning the welfare of the State, these good qualities desert them. This is more particularly the case in all things which relate to the army or to the marine. In these matters the English indeed behave in a manner which must seem incredible to those who have not witnessed it. But let me leave generalities and come to facts.

The English Army.—There is no English army. Do not laugh, Karl, it is no absurdity which I write to you, but sober truth. Were I speaking of my own knowledge and from my own observation only, I should hesitate to make a statement which must to you seem ridiculous. But it is on the High State Authority of War Minister Stanhope himself speaking in the Parliament House that I say once more, "There is no English Army." There are soldiers—yes, I have seen myself at one time as many as three or four thousand, and occasionally the

strength of a full infantry brigade is collected. There are regiments?—Yes. I have under my eyes of more than sixty of these so-called regiments. There are cavalry?—A few. Artillery?—Yes, there are some batteries ; there are even departmental troops ; but an army, no—it exists not. Let me give you a certain proof of this. It is scarcely a month since War Minister Stanhope told the Parliament that in the event of war he was prepared to mobilize without delay—what do you think? *One Army Corps* : and he added that ere long he hoped the efforts of himself and his colleagues would allow him to promise two Corps. I myself was in the Chamber when this so wonderful declaration was made, and I naturally said to myself, this body of which the Minister speaks must be some advance guard of an army, some special force which he proposes to keep on a war-footing for the purposes of observation : soon we shall learn what he has done with the 500,000,000 marks which have been given to him. Judge, Karl, of my astonishment when I learnt that on all these points I was mistaken, and that in order to send this little band into the field it would be necessary to call out the reserve troops, and that in truth beyond these 75,000 men which the War Minister has promised, but whom no one has ever seen, this great country has no organized force at all. I expected, as who would not, that I should hear this shameless Minister assailed on all sides with bitter complaints, and should hear him called upon to explain what he had done with the millions which the nation had given to him. Nothing of the kind, however, took place ; the Minister himself spoke with the air of a man who, instead of announcing his total failure to perform the first duties of his office, had really done something wise and clever. Nor was his assurance without reward, for I must tell you that in many quarters he has positively been praised for his conduct, and held up as an example of an active and clever Minister, more capable than any of his predecessors. From this you can form a fair judgment of what must have been the character of the said predecessors. I must tell you more about these English War Ministers and their strange ideas of duty ; but for the present I must return to the soldiers on whom the English people spend five hundred million marks a year, and whom they believe to constitute an army.

The English Artillery.—I need hardly speak to you, my dear Karl, an artilleryman of three campaigns, of the high place which your arm occupies nowadays in the composition of an army. It is because I myself recognize the fact, that I have

given the most careful attention to the study of the English artillery. You would naturally imagine that in this land, above all others, we should find the artillery arm developed in its highest perfection. An energetic people skilled in the manufacture of steel and iron, furnished with unlimited supplies of money; a people, above all, who have to provide weapons for a few hundred thousand men only, must surely have long ago evolved the most perfect artillery which the mind can imagine. It is indeed natural to imagine such things, for if reason and logic had any part in the direction of military affairs here, there would be good ground for all these conclusions. Nevertheless these facts do not exist, these conclusions are not borne out. And why? Because, as I told you before, in the administration of their military affairs the English pay no heed either to reason or logic. There are, it is true, some batteries, and of their *personnel* I will freely say that it is unsurpassed even with us.

The officers, too, are well trained, and, unlike many of their comrades of the infantry, take great pains to acquaint themselves with the science of their profession. They have, however, but little knowledge of those tactics which are now generally accepted as necessary for artillery; nor is this to be wondered at, for no opportunity is ever given to their generals of using this arm in masses, either in manœuvres or in the field.

As to the cannon, they are the best and the worst in Europe. Some batteries are now provided with a field-piece which is even superior to our Krupps. At the same time many batteries in England, and the greater part of the force in India, are still furnished with old iron cannon, loading at the muzzle, and having a range so short, that in a contest with the weapons of a civilized power they must inevitably be silenced before coming into the sphere of effective fire.

Hitherto I have written, I admit, in a somewhat serious tone to you on this theme, for so far what I have described is capable of being recounted with gravity. But I must now tell you that with regard to the English artillery, which I can scarcely relate without a smile, and which I fear you will receive with incredulous wonder.

My Conversations' lexicon tells me that the use of cannon has been known and practised for at least five hundred years, and during the whole of that period I imagine it has been held by most authorities as a fact not to be gainsaid, that cannon without powder and ball was as the wheel without the water, the waggon without the horse, the flint without the steel. So general has

this belief been, that it has been acted upon as self-evident not only by great and civilized countries such as our own, Austria, and France, but even by such states as Greece, Peru, and Venezuela. But will you believe me when I tell you that this commonplace truth is in fact the discovery of the latest day in England? For years, and indeed for centuries, there has been a War Minister, and for an equally long period large sums of money have been spent in providing cannon for the State. But I pledge you my word that it is only in the days of War Minister Stanhope, in the very year preceding the present, that the English have discovered that artillery, to be of service in war, must be supplied with powder and shot. Once more I assure you that only in the year I speak of did it first become apparent to the English War Ministry that an ammunition train was part of the necessary equipment of a battery. Is not this wondrous? But that is not half the wonder. So marvellous are the habits of this people in regard to military matters, that this great "discovery" is held to reflect much credit upon the highly instructed personages who made it, and its announcement in grave form in the documents of the Government is accepted on all sides as a proof that the Minister is aiming at a degree of efficiency and organization hitherto unknown and greatly to be valued. Well, having made this great advance, and having come to the conclusion that the batteries will be more valuable in battle if they can deliver their fire, the next step, of course, was to create the ammunition train which positively has not hitherto existed. How was this to be done? You will naturally say that there was only one way, namely to enlist the required number of men and to teach them their duties. You little know the resources of an English Minister. Did they enlist the men?—No. Did they teach any of the men who were already enlisted the necessary duties?—Not at all. Did they obtain the soldiers required from the ranks of the infantry?—By no means. It was to the artillery itself that they turned, and this is the process they determined to adopt.

"We have a very small force of artillery," says the War Minister; "what we have, though excellent, is useless for war purposes, for it has no train. To produce these splendid batteries which I possess, years of careful training are needed; but I can make soldiers for my train in a few months. *Therefore*," and I pray you observe the "*sequitur*," "it is to the highly-trained and immensely-to-be-valued artillerymen that I will turn for the raw material I need. I have not one-third of the artillery

I require. I will therefore strengthen my force by destroying sixteen batteries." You would think that folly could go no further than this: wait and see. Having made up his mind to weaken his force in order to make it stronger, this clever War Minister goes a step further, and determines to strengthen its *morale* by destroying its *esprit de corps*. "I will not," says he, "disband these batteries now, and let them learn their new duties. Were I to do so, the men might possibly acquire a proficiency in their new duties which might compensate to some extent for the abandonment of their old ones. That would be almost sensible, and therefore it must not be. I will not disband the batteries, nor will I form the train; but I will put all the men and officers who compose the batteries under a notice, and I will tell them what to expect. 'My friends,' I will say to them, 'pursue your studies, maintain your *esprit de corps* and organization; learn to be good gunners; learn to be proud of your weapons, and of your skill in using them; and when the war comes, when your services will be demanded and you are burning to place them at the disposal of your country, I will—send you all to the right-about, take away your guns, break up your batteries, destroy your organization, scatter your traditions, and set you to do carter's work in rear of your former comrades in arms.'" That, my dear Karl, without exaggeration or omission, is a true account of how they prepare for war in this English army. And what to me seems even more marvellous than the thing itself, is the fact that the English people not only sit quite still and see their money thus wasted before their faces, and the safety of their country endangered, but that there are actually persons to be found who recognize in these extraordinary acts signs of praiseworthy activity and military wisdom.

The English Cavalry.—The English are excellent riders and possess admirable horses. You will say therefore at once that they must possess an unrivalled force of cavalry. Alas! no natural opportunities, no cultivated excellence can avail against the fatal power of a ridiculous system. I have before me a return of the little force of cavalry upon which this Empire is content to rely. What do I find? I find that if "boot and saddle" were sounded to-morrow, a third of the regiments would have but two horses for every three men, while in the remainder every other man would have to mount behind his fellow. In this matter, as in many others, the Ministers deceive the people who pay them. They tell them that in our army, and in that

of France, the full establishment of cavalry horses is not kept up in peace time. They do not tell them that we, in common with every other nation, have a well-organized system for providing remounts, nor do they tell them that both Germany, France, and Russia have each a force of cavalry ready for service at all times, nearly double the strength of the whole cavalry force of Her Britannic Majesty at home and abroad.

The English Infantry.—When I tell you that the two most experienced and most justly honoured of the English Generals, both of whom hold high official positions, have over and over again declared in public that the present method of recruiting the infantry is the worst possible method of utilizing the services of the men, that it is costly, demoralizing, and ineffective in war, I have said enough to convince you that the system is bad, and should be altered, and to convince the English public that the system is bad, and should remain as it is.

The Volunteers.—The material of this force is the finest in the world; any one who examines the conditions upon which it is recruited, must understand why this is so. But with this great force ready made to their hand, and placed at the disposal of the country at a cost so low that it is practically a free gift, what is that these strange Englishmen do? They allow 200,000 of the best infantry imaginable to remain in the condition of a mob absolutely unorganized for purposes of war. Without cavalry, without a train, without an ammunition supply, without the most ordinary field requisites, and, above all, without any field artillery, these men are maintained for the purposes of deceiving the public only, and not with any view of their being utilized in time of war. There has been a talk lately of giving some cannon to the volunteers, and how do you think these good folk reason? "Here," they say, "is a force of infantry which of necessity is imperfectly trained, partially disciplined, and though brave, unaccustomed to war; in other words, an inferior force. Being an "inferior force, it will be obviously wise to supply it with inferior weapons and an inferior artillery." And so they are content to hand over the discarded rifles and the condemned cannon of their regular soldiers to the volunteers; and this, mark you, not because they are too poor to provide proper arms for both, but because their Ministers tell them that inferior troops may safely be entrusted with an inferior equipment. I need not point out to you, Karl, the absurdity of this idea, nor remind you that it is in the case of raw and unformed troops, above all, that a highly

organized departmental corps and a highly trained and overwhelming artillery are particularly needed. I verily believe that John Bull is of opinion that if he provides his volunteers with the cast-off rubbish of his military wardrobe, his enemies will have sufficient consideration for his feelings to adopt similar measures before taking the field.

But indeed when I speak in this manner of the volunteers, I may go further, and say much the same thing of the whole of the troops on whom this great England relies to defend her honour and her existence. It is only a few weeks ago since the War Minister himself told the Parliament that in the event of his little band * of organized soldiers leaving the country, it will be absolutely impossible for the remaining troops to take the field at all. Why? Simply because there will not be a single battery left available for service in any part of the British Empire. Understand me, Karl, when I say this I am repeating the positive statement of War Minister Stanhope, who dared to say without shame before the full Parliament, that for the whole defence of the Empire, for replacing the guns lost in action, for reinforcing the troops in India, for supplying the English forces all over the world, and above all for defending the Fatherland, there would not be one single field battery to be found. Incredible! Incomprehensible! But true, nevertheless; and yet this Minister is not confined in a fortress, or even dismissed from the service of his sovereign!

The English Marine.—I have not space here, Karl, to tell you about the English Marine, which, however, in many things is superior to the Land Army. But I will tell you this; at this very moment England, the Queen of the Seas, the great Naval Power of the World, whose life depends upon her success at sea, is learning lessons in naval strategy and tactics—from whom do you think? From our own Naval School in Kiel!

I have now told you something about the English troops as I have found them. I have but given you one or two examples from which you can judge how dangerous and unsatisfactory must be the position of a country where such things are possible. But to tell you that such things exist, is not to tell you how they came into existence, and how it is that in a great and civilized country they are allowed to continue. In order to explain this

* I speak of the two army corps of which I told you just now, and which it is intended to send out of the country as an expeditionary force in time of war.

I must tell you something about that strange and mysterious machinery which is called the

English Military System.—I cannot say in this case, as I did in speaking of the English army, that there is no military system; on the contrary, the more I study these matters, the more clearly am I convinced that the only return the English get for all the millions they spend is the system, and it is just because there is so much *system* that there is so little army. There is not room for both. Perhaps you have seen an Englishman who is ignorant of our language make an inquiry in his native tongue at a German railway station. He gets no answer, for he is not understood. He raises his voice and repeats his question. Still no answer. Then he shouts, and roars, and then he loses his temper, and falls to abusing a people who are so stupid as not to comprehend a strange language even when it is screamed in their ears. The Englishman abroad and the Englishman at home make the same mistake. The shouting tourist begins on a wrong system; but he thinks that if he magnifies the original error, he will end by getting what he wants. He is wrong, though, and so is the official Englishman at home. He invents a system in which there is not one sound or rational element from top to bottom, and he finds it does not succeed. What does he do?—change the system? Not at all. He doubles it, trebles it, squares it, cubes it; and the result is naturally enough that all his results are doubled, trebled, squared, or cubed, as the case may be; the sum is magnified, and so is the error. The English have the reputation of being a “practical people,” and, as far as the management of their private concerns goes, they are justly entitled to their reputation. But an Englishman who attempts to conduct his own affairs on the principles on which he allows his servants to conduct the business of the State on his behalf, would find his way either into the Bankruptcy Court or the madhouse, and all his friends would think his fate the natural consequence of his folly.

The administration of the Army and Marine.—As chiefs of the army and navy the English as a rule appoint not soldiers or sailors, but common politicians. Not only do they select those who have no professional knowledge of the services over which they have control, but by a rule which is scarcely ever broken, those men are chosen who are most notoriously unacquainted with the work they have to do. I need not waste your time,

my dear Karl, in pointing out how contrary is this plan to all reason and sense. Even Englishmen when they require a pair of shoes do not send for the Astronomer Royal, nor when they want to build a palace do they entrust the work to a butcher or an apothecary. But to employ a mere landed proprietor, a sugar merchant, or a journalist to direct and administer the army and the marine, is not only considered reasonable, but wise. It is indeed a most extraordinary characteristic of this people that they frequently say, and indeed fervently believe, that a plan is really the better because it is directly contrary to reason and logic. But you will say, "How can they ever get on with a system so absurd? How can any good result ever come from a practice which is directly contrary to reason?" My dear friend, the answer is that which you, with your clear mind, know quite well it must be: they never do get on; no good result ever does come of it.

Whenever war comes, the "System," as they call it, always breaks down, always has broken down in the past, and as long as it continues will always break down in the future. No good results *ever* come of it; on the contrary, the result is, that every time the English people are called upon to pay millions upon millions of pounds in order to buy their way out of their difficulties. And the strangest part of it all is that the English people like this plan, and in their odd way defend it. They will admit readily enough that in principle the System is absurd, but, say they with great gravity, *in practice* it works admirably. Now it never has worked admirably in practice; on the contrary, it has always worked abominably; but it will perhaps take a sharp lesson to induce the Englishman to alter his formula. Some day, perhaps, it will be as in the old fable, and a bold person will come forward and say, "But after all the Emperor *has* no clothes." And indeed he has not, and never had.

When, if ever, this new idea occurs to people here, they will no doubt, if it be not too late, attempt to do for the affairs of the State what they do for their own, and will appoint a man to look after the business of the country who knows something about it; and if they find a man who knows something, or is ready to learn something about it, they will not send him to the right-about as soon as he has succeeded in becoming a master of his trade instead of an apprentice. But I have more to tell you about this wonderful *System* which has been created to deprive the English of an army, and to relieve them of so much

of their money. You will ask, after what I have said of the condition of the various arms of the service, whether the Ministers, however uninstructed they may be in their work, do not make some effort to earn the money which is paid them by the people? It is a natural question, but I assure you, so far is it from being the case, that not only do the Ministers do nothing of their own will to render the force entrusted to them efficient, but they frequently take occasion to congratulate themselves upon their idleness and carelessness. You will ask, what good then do these Ministers do, to whom are they of any service? That is indeed a question which all my enquiries do not enable me to answer. So strangely unconscious are they of the first duties of their position, that it is not uncommon to hear a War Minister say publicly that he has not provided the artillery with guns, the cavalry with horses, the infantry with rifles, because the people have not cried out and compelled him to do so; and sometimes he will even go further, and have the effrontery to scold the people for not having told him before that they really wished their soldiers to have these things. The notion that the first, last, and only duty of a War Minister is to create and preserve an army fit for war never seems to enter the heads of these gentlemen; and so far from their appearing to understand that to be found wanting in such elementary matters is to be convicted of treason to their country, they positively act as though the partial provision of what is required in response to a popular outcry is an act of kindness and condescension on their part to a set of unreasonable persons whom they consent to humour for fear they should be troublesome. And hence it is that, instead of any real organization being created for war, the military and naval services are treated like a pair of hungry dogs, who are to be starved as long as it is safe, and to whom a bone is to be thrown when they become very importunate. Sometimes the bone is a big one, sometimes a little one. The size depends in no degree upon either rule, reason, or sense, but is determined altogether by the measure of importunity with which it is demanded.

One day a Minister will get up and, with his hand on his heart, say, "All is for the best in the best possible of worlds." "Wise and good man," say the lovers of the System, "see how well it works." Then six months later the newspapers and speakers throughout the country will raise an outcry and say, "We have no guns, no men, no ships, no powder." Then the same

good and great Minister will come to Parliament and say, with his hand on his heart, "I must have 200,000,000 marks, for I have neither guns, men, ships, nor powder, and they must be bought at once." Then all the lovers of the system cry out again, "Ah, how beautifully it works!" And then the 200,000,000 marks are spent in a hurry, and half of the amount is as purely wasted as if it had been thrown into the ocean, and the good Minister stands up and says, "Bless you, my children, see how kind I have been in gratifying your whims, only really, if you want this sort of thing done, you must tell me oftener, and frighten me more; for how in the world am I to know that you want your soldiers to have guns, and your guns to have powder, unless you tell me?" And then he proceeds to draw a salary of 100,000 marks.

And yet these same English have quite another mode of proceeding in their own affairs.

If an Englishman determines to insure his house, he sends for his lawyer, and says, "I wish to employ you to insure my house. Here is the money; send me your bill for carrying out the commission." One day his house is burnt down, and he finds it is uninsured; he is a ruined man. He summons the lawyer. "Did I not instruct you to insure my house? Did you not accept my money to pay you for doing it?" Do you think he would be content if his lawyer were to reply, "Ah, my dear friend, calm yourself, your misfortune makes you unreasonable; you did indeed instruct me as you say; I did indeed consent to accept your money; but you object that I did not insure the house. What then? What would you have? You stood by in silence—you did nothing. If you had brought all your relations, and had stood with them outside my window at nights, using violent and improper language; if you had accused me of ignorance, incapacity, roguery; if you had given up your repose to disturbing mine, then no doubt I should have insured the house, and all would have been well; but as things stand, it is you yourself who are plainly at the bottom of this mischief." No; in their private affairs the English are not incapable; it is only in public matters that they allow themselves to be made the victims of such impertinences. But you will say, "If these things be so, why do the English people permit them to continue? Why do they not instantly compel their paid servants to alter them? In order to explain to you why it is that the offending personages are not confined in a fortress, or

discharged with ignominy from their posts, I must tell you of a very strange piece of reasoning by which the people here are dissuaded from taking any wise steps. When, as often happens, the failures and stupidities of the system have accumulated to such an extent that the newspapers find they can make an additional profit by calling attention to them, the writers in the journals and other publicists set to work to obtain the opinions of the most experienced officers as to how far things are really wrong, and how they may best be set right. You will easily see that every officer who is worthy of the name must of necessity regard the condition of affairs as altogether disastrous and pregnant with danger. I must in justice to the English officer admit that he sees quite clearly the terrible state of things which exists. When he is asked, he tells the truth with freedom and sometimes with force. When he is questioned as to what is to be done, he naturally replies according to his special knowledge, and according to the extent to which he has studied the general problems of war in addition to the special lessons of his own arm. As a rule each man will desire improvement in his own branch, and he is right in requiring it, for in every branch improvement is needed. On all points there will be much agreement, on some points there will be differences. This is natural; it is indeed inevitable. There are many methods in war, all of them good, if rightly used. One man will succeed in one way, one man in another.

But in England this truth is not regarded. On the contrary, you will notice that at such a time as this all the very clever people give tongue at once. "Look," say they, "here is a fine state of things; here are A. B. and C., all good officers, and they all make different recommendations. How foolish, how laughable, how inexpressibly comic! What an opportunity for us philosophers!" And then, they give a practical application to their theories, and they say, "Everybody is agreed as to the danger being great and the need pressing, but many people are disagreed as to the best means of remedying it. Cannons are wanted; some say 200, some 250, some 500. Ships are wanted; some say we must have fifty, another says he will make shift with thirty. All our fortresses are useless; one says, best begin by repairing Portsmouth; another says, better London first." What do the very clever ones say then? They say—"Ha! you foolish fellows, you can't agree, therefore let us settle the problem for you. Rather than miss the perfect number, have no cannon at

all ; rather than have a ship too many, have just few enough to be useless, and too many to be cheap. Rather than decide whether Portsmouth or London should be protected first, or why we should not take the trouble to defend both, let us, as an act of supreme cleverness, decide to defend neither."

And yet there is not a single one of these wise men who would act so in his own case. One of their friends is dangerously ill. What do they do? Call in a dozen doctors, note a difference in the methods of their treatment.—Dr. A. puts his medicine in round bottles, Dr. B. in square.—Mr. C. silvers his pills, Mr. D. puts gold leaf on them.—Hence a great discovery, doctors differ. What is to be done? Believe none of them; put them all outside the door, and leave their dear friend the patient to die like a dog.

This is what the wise men ought to do, is it not? But it is not what they do in fact. For it is only in the concerns of their country that they act like madmen. No. They select the physican they have the greatest belief in. They honour him, they trust him, they pay him for his skill, and they rely upon his judgment. They do not say, "Until you and all your colleagues agree in diagnosis, treatment and prescription, we will have none of you." And, naturally enough, because they trust a good man they get good and honourable work. But change the application; ask them to select any capable, honest, experienced officer and trust him. That is a thing entirely beyond their comprehension.

"What then," you will ask, "is the use of these Ministers? what good do they do? and to whom do they render any service?" These, indeed, are questions which I am altogether unable to answer. I can tell you neither what good these persons do to their country, nor why their country consents to be made their victim. I, like you, ask myself for what it is which they receive some 100,000 marks apiece every year? Do they know their business? Certainly not; they have never even attempted to acquaint themselves with its rudiments. Are they ready to learn from those who are capable of teaching them? Not at all. On the contrary, although they frequently speak in public of professional matters, they constantly permit themselves to make blunders which would cause their immediate rejection in an examination for an under-lieutenant. "But do they not then," you will ask, "act as mouthpieces for their more instructed subordinates?" Far from it. It frequently, indeed it generally

happens that the assertions which they make in order to advance the cause of their political clique are directly contradicted by the "gens du métier." Are the results of their work good? No; they are uniformly and disastrously bad. Are their services obtained at a cheap rate? Certainly not, they are most costly. Is the system under which they are appointed, and in accordance with which they work, based upon reason and common-sense? No; on the contrary it is in every particular opposed both to reason and common-sense. I know quite well, Karl, that in a country like this which has the misfortune to be governed by "the People," which means the noisiest and least informed members of the population, that respect must be paid to the forms which their peculiar kind of government demands as part of its apparatus. It is no doubt necessary that the War Minister should be a member of the Parliament; at any rate that is what my English friends tell me. But there can be no reason why, if the Minister happens to be a person unacquainted with military affairs, he should pretend to speak with authority upon matters with which he is altogether unacquainted.

Yet nothing is more frequent than to see instances of Ministers who are guilty of this indiscretion. Imagine to yourself Von Moltke and the general Staff being asked to make a report upon whether or not a certain fortress was sufficiently protected, and if not, how it should be placed in a proper condition; and then picture to yourself Herr Windhorst or Court Preacher Stocker, or some other person equally incompetent to form a judgment, rising up and contradicting every opinion that had been given. Yet this is what is constantly done in this country. The military officers, the scientific authorities, declare that to achieve a particular object certain appliances, whether of cannon, ships, or men, are required; upon which the Minister, instead of telling the Parliament, as he might in reason do, that what is asked for is too costly, and that he cannot recommend them to adopt it, tells them that the military authorities are wrong as to the military requirements, which is absurd. And so, as you will easily imagine after all that I have told you, matters go on from bad to worse, and in the end it comes to pass that in return for five hundred million marks a year the English people get a *system*, and the system includes a number of officials with high salaries; a limited number of Ministers also with high salaries, who consider that their first duty is to their party, and their last to the army; and a considerable number of little battalions with big names;

but among the things which the English people do not get in exchange for their millions is an army capable of serving them in time of war.

Once more I repeat to you that these English live upon delusions ; and those whose duty it is to tell them the truth are foremost in encouraging the error. It is only a short time since a Minister who has earned much popularity by the boldness with which he has asserted his views on subjects with which he is imperfectly acquainted, exhorted the people to rely for their national safety upon—what do you think?—"upon their great traditions." And indeed it seems as if the English people had determined to take his advice. They rely upon their great traditions, and upon little else. The majority of them still live in the days of Waterloo, which they think they won without the aid of a single Prussian.

The little boys still earn pennies by selling in the streets newspapers containing accounts of that success. The modern school has arrived at the epoch of the operations in the Crimea, which they firmly believe were conducted by English troops alone. That, during that period, England fought with France, the greatest Military Power in Europe, with Turkey, and Sardinia as her allies, and with Austria as a friendly neutral ; that, at the end of two years, the allies succeeded in reducing a single fortress, totally unfortified at the commencement of the attack, and deprived of all proper communication with the Empire of which it formed a part ; that at no period did England place thirty thousand men in the line of battle ;—all this it is proper to forget. That at the end of the campaign this great and proud country had to submit to the degradation of going into the markets of Europe to buy soldiers to fight her battles, it is improper to remember.

While all Europe has been advancing, and while the armies of Europe have reached the perfection with which you are so well acquainted, England alone has stood still. One thing only has progressed, and that is the elaboration of the "System" which has made her a harmless enemy, a doubtful friend, and a dangerous ally. Such briefly, my dear Karl, is my judgment upon that which I have seen and that which I have learnt since I have been in this country.

With friendly greeting,

Thy devoted,

VON ROSENFELDT.

The Great Eastern Railway.

"ON Wednesday last, a respectably dressed young man was seen to go to the Shoreditch terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway and deliberately take a ticket for Cambridge. He has not since been heard of. No motive has been assigned for his rash act." Such was the language in which *Punch*, a generation back, gave utterance to the popular sentiment as to the line which now-a-days, having changed both its nature and its name, is known as the Great Eastern, nor is there any reason to suppose the satire to have been one whit more trenchant than was in fact deserved. Certainly it stood by no means alone. It was of the Eastern Counties that the tale was originally told, how a ticket-collector, expostulating that a strapping lad of sixteen could surely not be entitled to travel half price, was met by the rejoinder that he was under twelve when the train started. A season-ticket holder at Broxbourne, a well-known character in the City in his day, finding his grievances too deep for words, endeavoured to assuage them by publishing a series of cartoons. In one of them he is represented mounted on a donkey and winning a race with the Eastern Counties' train in the commonest of canters.

If anything had been needed to heighten the deep dissatisfaction of the public with the Company's performances, it would have been supplied by the contrast with the magnificent promises that were made at the opening of the line. At the first general meeting held in 1836, the Chairman concluded his speech in these words: "Most cheering it is, gentlemen, to reflect, that from the various sources I have indicated, from the vast passenger traffic in particular, you have every reason to reckon with confidence on an ample return for your capital; while at the same time you know that your enterprise rests on the broad and stable basis of national utility." But the Chairman's speech

was only lukewarm, when compared with the glowing enthusiasm of his proprietary. One gentleman spoke of "the long vista of future advantages, such as never before entered into our mind and calculations," that was being opened up before his rapt and prophetic gaze. "We are now told," he says, "that there are six great branches in contemplation—nay, something more than in contemplation, almost in actual progress; they may be likened to six columns for the adornment of our railway, built without expense to us, yet certain of being a great and abiding source of profit to the undertaking. Opening up, as this railway will do, the great marts of the Continent, what can be expected but an enormous profit for the shareholders, while at the same time a lasting benefit is conferred on the country?" What this enormous profit was likely to be, was described by another shareholder, a gentleman "who by his speech proved himself not merely a philanthropist but a sound philosopher." "The report," said Mr. Evans, "is most satisfactory, and I think the prospects held out to us in it are by no means overcharged. If this undertaking fails in producing the dividend of 22 per cent. calculated upon in the Report, then, I must say, human calculations and expectations can no longer be depended upon. . . . Should I live to see the completion of this and other similar undertakings, I do believe I shall live to see misery almost banished from the earth. From the love I bear my species, I trust that I may not be too sanguine, and that I may yet witness the happy end that I have pictured to myself."

But alas!

"The best-laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft a-gley;"

and human calculations and expectations once more proved fallacious. After a few years, during which indeed the Company paid—though it can hardly be said to have earned—a dividend, came the crash of 1848, and Eastern Counties affairs fell into a slough of despond, whence the efforts of its Chairman, George Hudson, M.P., with all the "King's^f horses and all the "King's" men, by no means prevailed to extricate them. Drawing a decent veil over the failure of this philanthropic and philosophic attempt to banish misery from the earth, and saying as little as possible of inconvenient incidents, such as the seizure of the rolling-stock in Shoreditch Station for debt, let us pass on to the year 1862, which saw the amalgamation of the Eastern Counties, Eastern Union, East Anglian Norfolk, and East Suffolk,

under the style and title of the Great Eastern. Six years later the new Company was again in difficulties, and Lord Cranborne, who was to become Lord Salisbury in the course of the same year, consented to accept the post of Chairman.

With Lord Salisbury's advent, the new era may be said to have dawned, but the first beginnings of his reign were scarcely auspicious. The Company applied to Parliament in 1867 for powers to raise £1,500,000 of capital as the least sum that could extricate them from their most pressing embarrassments. Their application was refused; so they amended their bill, asked for three millions, and got them. The claims of public life compelled Lord Salisbury to retire in 1872, and after a short interval, during which the disastrous Thorpe accident had called attention to the fact that a good deal of the Company's equipment was still, in Mr. Foxwell's phrase, in a state of ludicrous inefficiency, he was succeeded by the present Chairman. This gentleman's name may perhaps go down to posterity in Parkeston Quay, which seems likely to treat Harwich as the new Sarum of the church in the valley has treated the older Sarum of the castle on the hill; but to the inhabitants of East Anglia who knew what their railway service was, and see what it is, and remember that the change has been brought about, in the face of unexampled agricultural and commercial depression, by a struggling company, whose proprietors have never received more than 2½ per cent. for their money, he should need no monument, unless it be one inscribed with the words that are written on the tomb of Wren.

With the opening of Liverpool Street Station in November, 1875, the modern history of the Great Eastern may be said to begin. As ill-luck would have it, the contracts for the construction were let just at the time when iron was at famine price. There is a deal of iron-work at Liverpool Street, and its price was between £16 and £17 a ton, so the unfortunate shareholders had to go without a dividend for a year or two. The station cost well over two millions sterling, and when it was first built everybody looked upon it as a white elephant of the very largest size, and asked where ever the traffic to justify such a terminus was expected to come from. But within ten years the traffic had grown at such a rate, that the station was already inadequate. As long ago as 1884 the Chairman told his proprietors that, if they could work 1000 trains a day in and out of the station, they could fill them all, but that the present station and its approaches

would only afford room for about two-thirds of that number. Since then the Company has been buying up the property on the west side of Bishopsgate Street Without, as opportunity has afforded itself; last year it obtained powers for compulsory purchase of the whole block between the station and the street; and in the last few weeks the shareholders' sanction has been given to a scheme for raising the necessary funds. The estimated expenditure of about another million—one-third for works and two-thirds for land—will give the Company not only a large addition to the present area of the station, but also a third pair of rails into it from Bethnal Green Junction, making six in all. They will then have unquestionably the finest and most convenient station in London. On the east side will be the suburban lines going out by Stratford down the river; on the west, the suburban lines to the north,—Enfield, Tottenham, Walthamstow, and so forth; while in the centre the main line traffic will flow up and down, unencumbered by the local and stopping trains.

For indeed, year by year, the Great Eastern through traffic is growing in importance; year by year the trains are becoming not only faster and more numerous, but longer and heavier. And to check a sea-side express with "twenty on" on the bank of 1 in 70 outside Liverpool Street is a serious matter. If there is one thing on which the Great Eastern prides itself more than another, it is its clock-work punctuality, and punctuality is impossible when traffic is overcrowded; but of this more anon. The Great Eastern through trains have an individuality of their own. The 10.25 A.M. or the 4 P.M. Yarmouth trains may be considered to be at the one extreme of the railway social scale, of which the 7.55 P.M. special Highland express from Euston represents the other. The one train is made up of sleeping saloons and family carriages, with an occasional third-class compartment; the other is a succession of third-class coaches, with stray first or second class compartments interjected at long intervals, and even these usually empty. But what the Great Eastern lacks in quality, it makes up in quantity. A North-Western train with 300 passengers would be uncommonly well filled. The Great Eastern thinks nothing of 500; and even 600 and 700 are far from unknown.

And certainly it caters for the convenience of its numerous customers with a generous hand. It would of course be absurd to look here for speed such as is found on the road to Man-

chester, still more absurd to expect anything comparable to the phenomenal performances to Edinburgh at which all the world has been wondering these last few weeks. But, taking all the circumstances into consideration, the number of places of something like equal importance served off the same train, and the consequent profusion of through carriages, the swing bridges near Yarmouth and Lowestoft, and the congested state of the traffic at the London end of the journey, the best of the sea-side trains would be a credit to any company. Several of them, both up and down, cover the $68\frac{3}{4}$ miles between London and Ipswich without a stop in from 92 to 95 minutes, while the services to Yarmouth ($121\frac{3}{4}$ miles in 3 hours 15 minutes) and Lowestoft ($117\frac{3}{4}$ miles in 3 hours 10 minutes) fall but very slightly short of 40 miles an hour throughout. Nor can Clacton, Felixstowe, Dovercourt, and Aldeburgh, all of which get through carriages several times a day from Liverpool Street, complain of the train service that by its general thoughtfulness and convenience has, in the course of a few years, elevated these little sea-side villages to the rank of recognized watering-places. Even Wells-next-the-Sea—it would probably puzzle most of our readers to say what particular bit of sea it is that Wells is next to—has a through carriage twice a day from Liverpool Street, and once in addition on the 12.5 P.M. from St. Pancras. But better than all these is the service to Cromer and to Lynn and Hunstanton. And thereby hangs a tale, and the tale is instructive as showing that even the most virtuous and well-disposed of companies is none the worse for a moderate dose of that most wholesome of tonics, competition.

If any one will look at Airey's Railway Map of England, he will observe that, from Southend to Lynn, and from Cambridge to Lowestoft, the whole of East Anglia is, except for some insignificant local lines, such as the Colne Valley or the Southwold Railway, given up to the magenta-coloured lines of the Great Eastern system. In the north of Norfolk, however, there is an important exception. The Eastern and Midlands Railway, a line which makes up in energy what it lacks in capital, runs due east and west from Lynn to Melton Constable. Thence, like the River of Eden of old, it is parted, and becomes not four but three heads. The first goes off north to the sea-coast, and bending eastwards terminates at Cromer; the second runs south-east between the "Broads" and the sea to Yarmouth; the third turns south to Norwich. At Lynn, the Eastern and Midlands

has a connection, both *viâ* Spalding and *viâ* Wisbech and Peterborough, with the whole of the Great Northern and the Midland systems. To Cromer, therefore, it has an opportunity of competing for the London traffic—a possibility of which it avails itself to the uttermost, though its road is 160 as against 139 miles, and more than half of it over single line; while if its route is too roundabout to affect the London traffic to Yarmouth or Norwich, it is in better case in competing for traffic coming to those towns from the Midlands or the North of England. So to Cromer accordingly the Great Eastern is on its mettle. London 1.20, Cromer 4.50, is a laconic statement of fact that is more eloquent than pages of panegyric. This is only a slight improvement on last summer, but there is one improvement that deserves fuller notice in this connection. Last year, passengers coming up from Cromer in the morning—except Mondays, when there was a good train, but at the unfashionable hour of 6.30 A.M.—left at 9 o'clock and only reached town at 2.10 P.M. But *viâ* Eastern and Midlands they could leave at 8, and reach King's Cross at 1 o'clock. This year accordingly the Great Eastern have taken warning. A new train leaves Cromer at 8 A.M., catches an express at Norwich, and is in London at 11.38.

We spoke above of the profusion of through carriages from London. But it is not from London only. Yarmouth, for example, every day during the summer has through carriages from Doncaster, from Manchester, from Leicester, from Peterborough, and from Wolverhampton. To trace their intricate working would need more pages than we can spare lines. So let us be content with just noticing the cross-country service to Harwich. There are few places in the north and north-east of England whose traffic cannot be tapped at Doncaster, and every afternoon at 4.48, as soon as the East Coast expresses have deposited the passengers from their slip coaches, an express train starts thence direct for Harwich. That it has a right to the title of express the present writer can testify from personal experience a few weeks back, when it covered 29 consecutive miles in 9 seconds over the 29 minutes. At Lincoln it picks up a carriage from Sheffield and Manchester, at March another from Rugby and Peterborough. It is often said, and ten years ago the charge may have been on the whole true, that our cross-country services in England were behind those of the Continent but "Preston depart 2.38, Ipswich arrive 8.58"—259 miles in

6 hours, 20 minutes—is a connection that would only be possible in England.

One point more. The Great Eastern has just one little ewe lamb of high-class traffic, the racing specials to Newmarket. A train of sixteen coaches, first-class only, with say 250 passengers at ordinary fares, is a thing that the soul of the traffic manager longs for. But he is seldom gratified, and on the Great Eastern even less frequently than elsewhere. But such things do happen, when the Guineas or the Cambridgeshire are being run for on the Heath. And this special traffic is worked with the utmost difficulty, owing to the utter inadequacy of Cambridge Station. Most people probably know the place, with its single platform a third of a mile in length, and so narrow that the most insinuating of porters can hardly succeed in piloting a luggage-barrow between the roof-pillars and the legs of the passengers. From Carlisle and Kilmarnock to Slough and Bristol, these old-fashioned single platforms have been disappearing all over the country for years past. Cambridge remains almost alone. But the Company have done its utmost to get rid of it. A year or two back Parliamentary powers were sought for the construction of a new station at a cost of £130,000. The dangerous level-crossing, at present quite unavoidable, was to be abolished, but unfortunately, in order to straighten the present sharp curve on to the Newmarket line, it was necessary to take a small corner off the adjacent common. The Company was quite ready to buy land of equal value and amount on the further side and throw it into the common in lieu of what was taken. But the very words "encroachment on commons" are as a red rag to John Bull in his present mood; inhabitants of Cambridge protested and petitioned, and the House of Commons threw out the Bill. Since then matters have been at a dead-lock. If, say the Company, Cambridge likes its station, by all means let it keep it, the Company have plenty of other uses for the £130,000. But the passengers along the line, who would not have had to find the money, and would not have missed the scrap of common, have certainly no reason to congratulate themselves on the result.

But let us come back to London—it is only a journey of 77 minutes by the best train. Last June, in sketching the characteristics of the South-Western Railway, we noted that it had more trains in and out of Waterloo in the day than were dealt with in any station in London. But the Great Eastern runs it very

close. There are 642 trains a day in and out of Liverpool Street, as against about 700 at Waterloo. And in addition the Great Eastern works another 400 to Fenchurch Street, a station which it leases from the semi-defunct Blackwall Railway Company, and uses jointly with the London, Tilbury and Southend. The Blackwall Company, perhaps, would be more accurately described as being in a state of suspended animation, as it will resume possession of its property at the expiration of a lease of 999 years. Meanwhile, its directors meet twice a year to receive the fixed rent guaranteed by the Great Eastern, solemnly to declare a dividend thereon, and then, so at least it is rumoured, to dine together after their labours in a modest edifice, a relic of their original station-house, still standing on the line just outside the present Fenchurch Street Station.

There may be a question between Great Eastern and South-Western as to the number of trains, there is at least no doubt as to the number of passengers. For the year 1885, according to one of Mr. Jeans's tables, the South-Western carried 34 millions, as against 65 millions on the Great Eastern. This latter figure is 10 millions more than all the passengers on the North-Western, 15 millions more than all the passengers on the Great Western, and almost exactly equal to those of the South-Eastern and the Brighton put together. Let no one, unless he has stood on the bridge at Liverpool Street, say, at 9 o'clock in the morning or 6 o'clock in the evening, ever suppose he knows what suburban traffic really can be. But the Great Eastern suburban traffic is not only the largest but the most rapidly increasing. Within the last ten years, so Mr. Parkes told his shareholders the other day, the passenger receipts of their line have increased by a sum of £500,000 per annum, and the bulk of this is due to the growth of the London local traffic. As we have already seen, it is already overtaxing the station accommodation at Liverpool Street. But this is by no means the only difficulty. A railway manager in dealing with local traffic is perpetually drawn in opposite directions. On the one hand, he is anxious to induce his passengers to live as far out as possible. For in this way he not only gets as large a district as possible from which to draw custom, but also he can fairly charge higher rates to each individual passenger. On the other hand, residential traffic from stations 18 or 20 miles off implies expresses running through the nearer local stations to the terminus, and no one needs to be told that the running of trains at varying rates of speed dimin-

ishes enormously the carrying capacity of a line. The Metropolitan Railway can work trains every three minutes in either direction all day long, with no more difficulty than if the trains were so many horses fixed upon a steam merry-go-round. A through line needs very careful management to enable it to carry one-third of that number. And the attempt to fit in additional trains with inadequate margins for contingencies on either side of them simply means the sacrifice of punctuality, and "upon punctuality," to quote the Chairman once more, "depends the line for business purposes."

And, as we have said already, the Great Eastern officials pride themselves not a little upon their reputation for punctuality, and with good reason. Letters from time to time appear in the papers complaining that the 9.7 A.M. into Blank Terminus was yesterday, twenty-five minutes late "as usual." But the blank is never filled in with the name of Liverpool Street. It is possible to bring this question to a test more definite than mere public opinion—that of actual figures. According to an admirable custom, that ought to be adopted by every railway in England, the time of every train is abstracted month by month and the percentage of unpunctuality carefully worked out. And here in brief is the result. Out of 110,000 trains run last half year, 60,000 were punctual to the moment; 42,000 less than 5 minutes late; 7 per cent. more were less than 10 minutes; while only 3 per cent. of the total were more than 10 minutes late. And this half year included, be it remembered, three days (or say 2 per cent. of all the working days) in which a dense fog made punctual work an absolute impossibility. For important as punctuality is the claims of safety are yet more imperative. But this record includes long-distance trains all over the line, and does not include the "shuttle" trains on the suburban lines, which, as one of the officials remarked, "must be punctual, as, if they once get wrong, we should never get them right again the entire day." Here is a second table, this time of the trains entering Liverpool Street between 8.30 and 10.30 A.M., the "bread and butter" trains, as they are sometimes called. They numbered 7498, and of these 52½ per cent. were absolutely punctual, and 35½ per cent. either one or two minutes late. Deduct 8½ per cent. more, whose arrival was delayed between 2 and 5 minutes, and 1½ per cent. between 5 and 10, and there remain in the half year only 123 trains that were more than 10 minutes behind their time. The record of Fenchurch

Street is slightly better throughout than that of Liverpool Street. Certainly the industrious apprentice may go and live on the Great Eastern and make his conscience easy as to the probability of his being dismissed for unpunctuality.

But even without cutting out the intermediate stops, it is possible sometimes to do something to accelerate suburban services, by starting the trains from the station at full speed, running fast up to the platform, and stopping as short as possible. This method, is, however, by no means economical. One of the most important of the Great Eastern suburban lines is that to Enfield. Enfield is $10\frac{3}{4}$ miles from Liverpool Street, and though there are no less than 14 intermediate stations at which the train calls, the whole distance is covered in 46 minutes. But to do this the engines burn some 45 lbs. of coal per mile, while to run the same train through at 40 miles an hour they would probably burn less than 30. And let no one suppose a few pounds of coal more or less do not matter. Here is a recent calculation on the subject. Great Eastern trains run some 16,000,000 miles per annum, and a saving of 3 lbs. per mile on this mileage, supposing it to be possible, would equal about 22,000 tons, or at 10s. per ton, an economy of £11,000 a year. But this is not all; the coal has to be fetched from Doncaster, and Doncaster is distant 180 miles by the Great Eastern road from London. To fetch it, there would be needed 2960 waggons or 84 trains of 35 trucks apiece, and the same number of empty trains would have to go back again. The mere carriage of these additional 3 lbs. of coal would cost the Company £1795 10s. annually. No wonder locomotive superintendents look sharply after their coal bills.

The Enfield line has another speciality in addition to its capacities of coal consumption. It is probably the most important working men's line in the world. When the Company obtained the powers to construct its metropolitan extensions, it came under Parliamentary obligations, as most other London lines have done either before or since, to run trains at cheap fares for the benefit of the workmen, whom it had displaced. About five years ago, Major Marindin was desired by the Board of Trade to enquire how far the Companies had complied with their obligations. And in reference to the Great Eastern he reported that they were bound by law to run five workmen's trains a day with a total mileage of 25 miles, but that in fact they were running 23 trains with a mileage of 117½. This year the number of trains has

increased to 30 and the mileage to 164 $\frac{1}{2}$, and by any one of these trains we may say roughly that a man may come in to his work in the morning about 6 or 7 o'clock and go back home at his own time in the evening for a return fare of twopence, or on the average a sixth or an eighth of a penny per mile. Question a Great Eastern official as to whether these extraordinarily low rates actually pay, that the Company is ready to go so far beyond its legal obligations, and he will reply somewhat as follows: "Well, no, perhaps. Directly they only just pay their working expenses, but indirectly they pay us. The workmen's wives and families, and the tradesmen who serve them, travel up and down the line at ordinary fares, and then we get the food that they eat, and the clothes that they wear, and the coal that they burn, to carry to them. You can't settle a great population down in a place without finding employment for the railway that serves it." Certainly, whether or no the arrangement suits the Company, it at least appears to suit the British working man, for the Great Eastern issues over four million workmen's return tickets in the twelvemonth. But unfortunately it takes a great many twopences to pay a dividend on £40,000,000 of capital.

To see the workmen's train in full swing it is necessary to go to Liverpool Street about half-past six in the morning, when three trains from Enfield come in within the space of ten minutes, so it is safe to assume that most readers of *Murray's Magazine* will live and die without seeing them; but no one who is interested in railway working should fail to see another piece of traffic of a somewhat similar nature, that to and from Epping Forest on a fine Bank Holiday. Last Whit-Monday the Great Eastern Railway booked over 300,000 passengers, and of these, four-fifths were in the London district. The mere figures, 300,000, convey very little impression to our minds; nor does it help us much to say that they equal the whole population of Sheffield, or of Brighton, Portsmouth, and Southampton, all rolled into one. Perhaps we shall gain a better idea of what 300,000 people really means, if we say that it is five times the number of troops that took two hours to march past Her Majesty at Aldershot last year, twelve times the number of the school-children who were massed to meet her in Hyde Park. Nor could this vast army of pleasure-seekers be drafted hither or thither at the word of command; on the contrary, they all wanted to go the same way at the same time. They all poured out of London in the morning, and all had to be taken back again at nightfall. Before 4 P.M.,

127,000 tickets had been collected at suburban stations. Of these, about two-thirds had been collected at stations on the borders of Epping Forest, 37,653 of them at Chingford alone.

Epsom Downs on Derby Day is a desert compared to Chingford Plain on a Bank Holiday. The ingenious statisticians who calculate that "there are more Jews in London than in Jerusalem, more Scotchmen in Middlesex than in Midlothian, &c.," should assuredly add a new clause to their formula, "and more cocoa-nuts in Chingford than in Otaheiti;" but our concern is not with Aunt Sallies but with railway passengers. The 37,000 passengers have got to be taken home somehow in the course of about four or five hours. And there is one pair of lines available on which to take them. By dint of most careful arrangement the Company manages to work away ten trains in the hour, six for Liverpool Street, two for Fenchurch Street *viâ* Stratford, and two for Highgate and the North London. It is a very long and a very full train that can seat 700 passengers, so it must be confessed that these trains which average about 1000 apiece, or say 15 per compartment, are distinctly well loaded. But everybody expects it, and nobody grumbles. Indeed grumbling would be a work of supererogation, as, unless it were to employ balloons, the Company can do no more than it does. Hour after hour, the exodus continues. The platform is a black and solid mass of human beings. A train comes in; in a single minute the train is packed as full as it can hold, and it moves off, leaving the platform bare. But five minutes afterwards, it is as solid again as ever. The present writer returned to town in the guard's van, and as special instructions had been given to keep it select, the occupants never numbered more than 25, babies included—but that of course was exceptional. The only thing the officials dread is a sudden downpour of rain about 8 or 9 o'clock, for then there is apt to be an ugly rush. But as the writer saw it, the whole thing worked with the regularity of clock-work, and the good temper and docility of the vast mass was beyond all praise.

We have dwelt so long upon the passenger traffic of the Company, that there is little space to speak of goods. But the same distinction may be observed in this department also. The North-Western may carry bales of silk or tobacco, and truck-loads of tea. The Great Eastern remains a poor man's line, and is content to earn an honest penny—sometimes, we fear, it has to be content with a halfpenny—by the conveyance of bricks and

stable manure, cabbages and turnips, and brewer's grains. Even in the fish traffic the same line of demarcation is sharply apparent. The North-Western's chief customer is the lordly salmon. The mainstay of the Great Eastern is the humble bloater. Not but what on the whole the Great Eastern has good reason to be satisfied with its lot. It is forced to rely upon the million for its livelihood, and it has not been disappointed. How hard it works to develop its suburban passenger traffic we have seen already. Here is its reward as expressed in goods traffic. For the three years 1883-4-5 the average tonnage dealt with at suburban stations was 375,000 tons. For 1886 the figures rose to 469,000, last year they were 572,000. In all England probably no place has grown so fast as Stratford, recently incorporated as the municipal and parliamentary borough of West Ham. A generation back its population may have been 30,000; to-day it is something like 180,000. For the accommodation of the inhabitants of Stratford, the Company has opened a market for the sale of vegetable produce of all kinds. There are two rows of stalls down either side of a long covered avenue, opening out into convenient warehouses behind, which in their turn communicate directly with the sidings in the rear upon which the railway trucks arrive. A modest rent of £25 to £50 per annum covers all tolls and dues of every kind whatever, while for those to whom even this charge is prohibitory there is ample open ground available in which they can pitch their stalls and display the contents of their half-a-dozen baskets for the payment of a few pence. And if at the one end of its system the Company endeavours to encourage the small trader, at the other it is equally careful of the interests of the small producer. It has recently reduced its rates for vegetables in small quantities, with the avowed intention of encouraging allotment gardening, almost to the level of those for produce sent in bulk. Eightpence, for a hamper of vegetables weighing one cwt. from Norwich to London, is a charge that even Sir Bernhard Samuelson could hardly stigmatise as excessive. That the establishment of Stratford Market has met a real need is sufficiently shown by the fact that the tonnage passing through it has risen from 5000 to 33,000 within eight years.

Encouraged by their success at Stratford, the Company resolved in 1882 to try a similar experiment in London itself. They converted the arches beneath their Bishopsgate goods station, which stands on the site that was disgraced for years

by the tumble-down sheds of the Shoreditch Terminus, into a series of market stalls—for fish on the one side, and vegetables on the other, with railway communication down the centre. The success was rapid and unmistakable. Within 18 months the tonnage of perishable commodities brought into Bishopsgate actually doubled. Unfortunately, the lessees of the adjacent Spitalfields market took alarm, invoked the aid of an ancient charter, and after long litigation obtained a decision of the House of Lords which closed the Great Eastern market. The rights of property are no doubt sacred, but one need not be an extreme Radical to hold that the inhabitants of London have also some rights, even though unsecured by charter, and that a charter, that was granted in a mediæval village, would be the better of modification before it is applied strictly to a city of five million people. It may be too that a railway company is not a proper market authority, but when municipal authorities are either supine or non-existent, surely even a railway company must be better than nothing. The House of Lords is of course bound to decide according to law, but the present writer cannot but think that if their Lordships, before pronouncing judgment, had spent an hour or two, say from 6 to 8 A.M. at Billingsgate, they would have tried hard to find reasons for altering their decision, and failing that, would have determined to abrogate in their legislative capacity at the earliest possible moment the judgment that they had found themselves constrained to pronounce judicially.

Since the middle of 1884 the market has been closed, and the Company has had to make what use they can of the abandoned arches. It gives one some idea of the size of a London goods station to find that a single arch, in the occupation of a firm of wine merchants, provides storage for 150,000 dozen of wine. An adjoining arch is used, not for wine indeed but for bottles. How many bottles there may be there we know not, but a week or two back there were over 1000 different patterns in stock, and a single customer was said to take 3000 gross of celery-salt bottles of a special make in the course of the year. As for jam-bottles—the jam-pot will soon be found only in museums—the lessees of the arch were only supplying Messrs. — with 150 gross per diem. But then the fruit was very backward this summer, and Messrs. — had similar contracts with three other manufacturers. The bottles arrive, sometimes laid in straw in the trucks, more frequently simply packed in sacks, the latter

method being adopted to ensure that the railway porters shall handle them tenderly. One other special piece of traffic into Bishopsgate must just be mentioned. The district round Maldon in Essex is famous for its green peas, and a month back the Great Eastern were running three trains a day loaded with green peas only. This summer the crop has been heavier than ever, and one single day, August 14th, saw the biggest consignment on record, amounting to 578 tons, all of which were safely delivered by 7 o'clock the following morning. It shows the extraordinary character of the present summer that the entire month of August last year only accounted for 16 tons, while August 1884 and August 1885 had only a total of 10 tons between them.

Allusion has already been made to the convenience of the through connection from all parts of England to Harwich. We had hoped to say much more of the Continental services, but space fails, and we must be more than brief. One lesson we carried away from a visit to Harwich a short time since, and our readers if they are wise will lay it to heart also, never to send personal luggage except with passengers. The curiosity of Custom House officials is insatiable, while their experience as packers is less than rudimentary. There has been a good deal of talk lately, because a few hundred horses have been imported into this country from Canada. Not many people, perhaps, are aware that the export of horses from the United Kingdom, mostly Irish-bred, is so large and so constant, that it is worth while at Harwich specially to provide stabling which can take in 80 horses. The other day 120 went abroad in a single batch. A few years back, the Great Eastern, with considerable hesitation and doubt as to what might be the effect on their passenger traffic, determined that for the future their steamers should be screw and not paddle boats. They have now found by experience that passengers prefer the new vessels, which owing to the tortuous passage up the Maas and the Scheldt are all fitted with twin screws, while the economy both of coal and cargo space is of course unmistakable. One of the best of the Channel lines hands over the refreshment department to a local publican, who caters after his kind; on another the writer well remembers being presented at 11.30 A.M. with a steaming joint of boiled beef and a much-hacked loaf of stale bread as a sufficient substitute for a French *déjeuner*. On the Harwich boats everything is provided by the Company itself, and the food is not only cooked,

but served in a manner that could not offend the most fastidious appetite. And this, as the Harwich route secures a period of a couple of hours of calm water in the river, available in the morning for breakfast, and in the evening for dinner, is not a matter of unimportance.

We must not conclude without noticing the Stratford Works. By the side of Crewe, Swindon, or Derby they are of course small, but everything about them is eminently business-like. Close at hand is a building in which the Company executes almost the whole of its own printing—the only line, we believe, except the Chatham and Dover that does so. It keeps about 110 persons constantly employed, and is understood to save a good deal of money by so doing. For indeed the Great Eastern has every reason to take care of the pence. Hitherto it has had scant opportunity of testing the truth of the other half the proverb. But while on the one hand it never spends money if it can help it, on the other hand it never palters over a necessary outlay. Its entire rolling-stock, for example, is and has been for years past fitted with the Westinghouse automatic brake. The hose-pipes having given some trouble by bursting, recently a rule has been laid down that every pipe is to be withdrawn and replaced after two years' service. Again, leaving it to richer Companies to experiment with different methods of application of the electric light, the Great Eastern is steadily fitting not only its suburban but its main-line trains with gas. It may be questioned, however, whether this will not prove in the end an economy. One little item of the cost of oil-lighting that will now be avoided is the replacement of 2000 broken lamp-glasses every month.

Readers who have followed our Odyssey of wanderings from January till September may perhaps remember that it was in the Stratford shops that the first recorded compound-locomotive was born. The Nicholson-Samuel engines have vanished and left not a wrack behind, and the later history of the Worsdell compounds, also originally introduced at Stratford, is to be traced rather on the North than on the Great Eastern. But Stratford is a good deal occupied just now with experiments that may some day prove of at least equal importance. In the Company's gas-works there is produced a considerable quantity both of coal-tar and of shale-oil refuse, and as nobody will buy tar now-a-days, they have had to be got rid of some how. It was determined to burn them. First of all the liquid fuel was

used to heat the gas retorts themselves. Then several boilers and furnaces in the shops were fitted with the necessary apparatus; finally two tank locomotives were taken in hand, and they now have been for some fifteen months burning a mixture of tar and creosote oil, and taking their share in the ordinary work of the line.

Externally, except perhaps in the fact that they never need make a black smoke, there is nothing to distinguish these two engines from their fellows, but a portion of the coal-bunker is occupied by a tank containing about 200 gallons of tar. Underneath the footplate a small pipe passes into the fire-box, where it ends in a nozzle surrounded by an outer ring. The fire is lighted in the ordinary way, but only a few pounds of coal is used. It is spread as thinly as possible over the bars. Then the tar is turned on and a steam injector forces it into the fire-box in the form of spray. Then a second supply of steam and air through the outer ring meets and dilutes the spray still further so as to ensure perfect combustion. That there is no difficulty in obtaining sufficient heat may be judged from the fact that the boiler pressure has been raised from 50 to 140 lbs. in nine minutes. It is calculated that the engine burns about a gallon (say 11 lbs.) of tar per mile, and that therefore 1 lb. of liquid is roughly equal to 2 lbs. of solid fuel. Taking the cost of the former at 1*d.* per gallon, it would appear as if the financial result was much the same as when burning coal, but practically in this case the Company gets its tar and its shale-oil refuse for nothing. Moreover, if the system were generally adopted, there would be an obvious economy in the fact that the oil can be stored anywhere—underground if necessary—and supplied to the locomotives simply by turning on a tap.

We have now passed in review all the great Companies that have termini in London. We have dealt with other railways as praiseworthy as the Great Eastern, we have certainly dealt with none that are more so. But lest it should be thought that this latter has been described in terms of extravagant panegyric, let it be remembered that other Companies have not the blackness of their misdeeds of yesterday as a foil to set off their brightness of to-day.

W. M. ACWORTH.

THE END.

A Note on the Race to Edinburgh.



"IN my country, when the railways want to quarrel, they cut rates—a year or two back, emigrants were carried all the way from New York to California for ten dollars—and then when both companies are about broke, they agree to a pool, and put up the rates again high enough to get back all they've lost. Here, your lines fight which can give the best accommodation and run the fastest. Seems to me as if your system was better than ours, and I shall tell the New Yorkers so in my cable to-night." It was in these words that the correspondent of an American journal expressed to the present writer, a week or two back, his half-reluctant admiration of the "North-West Flyer," for so he promptly christened it, as the chronograph recorded a speed of 74 miles an hour, while the carriage all the time was running as smoothly as a Shrewsbury hansom. But I am bidden to tell the tale of the great battle that is likely for many a year to come to make August 1888 a memorable epoch to the railway world. How did it all begin? is the first question that will naturally be asked.

Perhaps those are not so very far wrong, who say that the Caledonian and the North British were, what would be called in Ireland, "spoiling for a fight." No doubt the sight of the huge towers of the Forth Bridge, that loom large upon the eye as one glides down over the Pentlands into Prince's Street Station, has tended to produce a nervous irritation in the Caledonian system. But the proximate cause of the whole outburst was an innocent little notice put out last autumn by the East Coast Companies, that on and after the 1st of November, the 10 A.M. from King's Cross (the "Flying Scotchman") would convey third-class passengers. For some years this famous train had been an hour faster than its West Coast rival, but it had been limited to first and second class only. If now third-class passengers could

book by it, this meant that the East Coast, which already had perhaps three-fifths of the London-Edinburgh traffic—the West Coast taking possibly three-fifths and the Midland two-fifths of the remainder—bid fair to take the whole. So this year the North-Western announced that they too would, on and after June 1st, run both to Glasgow and Edinburgh in nine hours; arrive, that is, at 7 instead of 8 P.M. To the authorities at Euston this no doubt appeared simple self-defence. At King's Cross, where it has become traditional that the Great Northern is the fugleman of the world in speed, it was looked on as defiance. For was not Edinburgh an East Coast preserve, and were not the West Coast intruding upon it? It is an open secret that had the Great Northern only needed to take counsel with itself, the first of June would have seen the East Coast expresses in Edinburgh at 6.30. But the North-Eastern, with its 1500 miles of line in a ring-fence, inside which no competitor's foot may intrude, is not only unaccustomed to the keen atmosphere in which the Great Northern and North British live and move, but is also, as befits a line that owes its existence to the Quakers of Darlington, an eminently peace-loving Company. But the most peace-loving nature could not ignore the fact that the West Coast, with a line half-an-hour worse—that is, seven miles twenty-four chains longer (the distances have been given so recklessly lately that we must be precise), and a good deal harder—was going to Edinburgh in the same time of nine hours. This, on reflection, was more than flesh and blood could stand, so from July 1st the East Coast time came down to eight hours and a half.

July passed peaceably, but there were whispers from time to time that the West Coast had not said its last word. On July 28th, a Saturday, out came their notice, "Edinburgh arrive 6.30." This time there could be no hesitation, the rejoinder was drawn up on Monday, and launched on Tuesday, and on Wednesday, August 1st, the "Flying Scotchman" was in Edinburgh at 6 P.M. But the change had been made so hurriedly that posterity, if it consults *Bradshaw*, will be led to suppose that in August 1888 it really took us as much as 8½ hours to cover something under 393 miles. Perhaps it may be taken as showing who led the way and who followed in the matter of acceleration, that of 85 minutes saved in running *vid* the West Coast (for 5 minutes has come off the interval for lunch), the North-Western economised 45 minutes on 300 miles, and the Caledonian 40 on the remaining 100. Of the 50 minutes

taken off the actual working time on the East Coast, for they too have reduced their stop at York from half an hour to 20 minutes, the Great Northern saved 23 minutes on 188 miles, and the North-Eastern, who, it should be said, work the trains all the way to Edinburgh, 27 on the remaining 205. At first sight this seems tolerably well balanced, but before the accelerations began, the Great Northern were averaging 48 miles an hour against their partners' 44½.

This state of affairs lasted precisely four days. On Monday, August 6th, the West Coast celebrated Bank Holiday by once more breaking the record. This time the North-Western took the lion's share of the burden. In order to get to Edinburgh in 8 hours, it ran to Crewe (158½ miles) in 178 minutes, without a stop, the longest run ever made in the world; the two Companies between them covered 400 miles in 19 minutes less than the advertised time, the fastest long run ever made in the world; and the Caledonian crowned the whole by running the 100¾ miles from Carlisle to Edinburgh, including 10 consecutive miles of 1 in 80, in 104 minutes, which was probably the most remarkable performance of the three. Next day the North-Western, not to be beaten by the Caledonian, did its 90 miles from Preston to Carlisle, including a 30-mile climb up the Cumbrian Fells, in exactly 90 minutes. Two months earlier the same train was allowed 127 minutes for the same distance. Again four days and there came what is perhaps the most honourable feature of a contest in which both sides can boast that they have maintained their reputation for honest and good-tempered fighting. The North-Eastern informed their partners that they proposed to accelerate further, but did not wish to advertise the fact. In future they intended to reach Edinburgh at 5.45 P.M. The Great Northern at once volunteered to give up two minutes and to reach York punctually for lunch at 1.30. Keeping the sacred 20 minutes unencroached upon, the North-Eastern are left with 205 miles and 235 minutes. August 13th and 14th saw what are likely to be the record performances for years to come. On the Monday the North-Western went to Crewe in 2 hours 47 minutes, allowed one minute more than the advertised time for intermediate stoppages, and were in Edinburgh at 5.38: actual running time, 400 miles in 427 minutes. Next day, the East Coast train was in at 5.31, having covered the 124½ miles from Newcastle in 123 minutes; running time, 423 minutes for 393 miles.

Since then, both lines have contented themselves with merely keeping time, and arriving at 6 and 5.45 P.M. respectively, and here it is probable that the battle will end. On condition they are allowed to reach Edinburgh first, the East Coast Companies are ready to accept their rivals as their equals on paper. But if the battle is renewed next year, for September will, it is understood, see the speed dropped again to a leisurely 50 miles an hour or so, they will claim to be credited with the shortest time to Edinburgh. But if it be renewed, the contest will hardly be localized as it has been this summer. At present the East Coast takes 9 hours 50 minutes to Glasgow, but they could be there under 9 hours if they started again for Glasgow immediately on their arrival at Edinburgh at 5.45. That is, they would be level for the first time with the West Coast for the immensely valuable Glasgow traffic. And the Glasgow people are inclined, as it is, to be out of temper with the West Coast for the preference that has been given to Edinburgh this summer. And then the North-Western might retaliate to Manchester, rumour even whispers that North-Western expresses *via* Northampton and Newark might be seen in the heart of the Great Northern territories at Doncaster.

But from such an internecine strife the good sense of all concerned may be trusted to preserve them. The present contest has been magnificent, but is hardly business. The West Coast have had to cut down their train from at least 150 tons to about one half. Even the East Coast are limiting themselves to eight coaches, or say 120 tons. And an additional express all the way from London merely for Edinburgh passengers, though it may have some justification in the height of the tourist season, would be simply ludicrous in November or February. As for the honours of war, who shall attempt to apportion them? Let us rather say of the least meritorious of the four Companies, whichever it may be, as compared to the whole world outside Great Britain, that it is "Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere." The Great Northern has accelerated the least of the four, but that only means that the others have crept up nearer to its hitherto unapproached performance. Now as ever it remains unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled. It arrives at Grantham, 105½ miles of a by no means easy course, in 115 minutes, and passes Doncaster, 156 miles, after 174 minutes. But these times are only 4 minutes and 9 minutes respectively better than have been made winter and summer for years past by the everyday Manchester and Leeds expresses.

W. M. ACWORTH.

Our Library List.

POLITICAL ESSAYS. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. (1 vol. 7s. 6d. *Macmillan*.) The papers contained in this volume were, with the exception of the last, which dates from April in the current year, written between twenty and thirty years ago, and deal with questions arising out of the great Secessionist struggle. They appeal, therefore, primarily to students of American history, for most of the problems discussed have long since been happily solved in the manner advocated by the writer. Historically, however, their interest is considerable, as recording a phase of national opinion during a great crisis; while from a literary standpoint they are remarkable, as exhibiting a full measure of the manly directness, the keen insight, the righteous indignation, and the racy humour which made the *Biglow Papers* famous. Mr. Lowell is an extremely hard hitter, but his blows are never aimed below the belt, hence his arguments have a permanent value apart from the special occasion of their origin. Pungent aphorisms may be picked up by the score in his pages, and the whole volume breathes a fervent patriotism, none the less inspiring because its enthusiasm is aroused by the new order rather than the old, and its ideal is fixed in the future rather than the past.

CIRCUIT JOURNEYS. By the late LORD COCKBURN. (1 vol. *Douglas*: Edinburgh.) The attraction of this book is due to the charm of the style, the cleverness with which characters are graphically sketched in a few words, and the impressions of Scotch life from 1837 to 1854 given by a Judge making his Circuit with most of his family "in and about" his carriage. Lord Cockburn had a real love of nature, and all the time he could spare from dealing with criminals he spent in exploring the lovely country through which he was fortunate enough to travel. The book therefore combines records of vile or insane deeds, and the curious idiosyncrasies of their perpetrators, with the most charming and even poetical description of scenery. His wrath against the great Scotch landowners who neglected the historical monuments on their property far exceeds his judicial indignation against professed criminals. In addition there is a number of quaint or amusing anecdotes of the various characters he had to deal with on the Bench, at the Bar, in the witness box, and in the dock.

WITH THE IMMORTALS. By MARION CRAWFORD. (2 vols. *Macmillan*.) The ordinary mediums of romance, novel, or essay are no longer sufficient to express the wealth of Mr. Crawford's ideas, and presumably to give them a newer aspect he has here made them issue from the mouths of some of the famous men of the past. He groups together on the Sorrentine coast three ladies and a gentleman, who wish to pass the summer "in semi-mystic literary amusement." Their expectations are far surpassed, for they find Cæsar, Pascal, Dr. Johnson, and Heine, amongst others, ready for any amount of conversation with them. The personality of the author is too dominant for him to be very successful in making his Immortals talk in character, but they discuss a number of subjects, such as love, religion, and art, with considerable cleverness, and occasionally their own experiences or sayings are ingeniously worked in. The setting of the whole is graceful and fantastic.

FOUR BIOGRAPHIES. By L. B. WALFORD. (1 vol. 5s. *Blackwood*.) Jane Taylor, Hannah More, Mrs. Fry, and Mrs. Somerville are the subjects of this very lively and readable volume. The clever author of "Mr. Smith" has not, we believe, dealt with anything but fiction hitherto, and she brings to the portraits of the ladies here described an unusual amount of vivacity and colour. It may be objected that there is a lack of fineness of drawing as well as of delicacy of touch in the presentment of character, but the zest and amount of life, which never flag for a moment, atone for much. Mrs. Fry, as the good angel of the prison world, is familiar to all; but her gay youth, and the way "her heart was touched" at seventeen, form a less well-known and very charming picture. The brilliant social life of Hannah More is described with great relish, and many whose impression of her is of a prim and didactic maiden lady will be interested to learn how the little Bristol schoolmistress played a leading part amongst the wits and geniuses of a great age, took the town by storm with her plays, and sold two million copies [*sic*] of her writings in one year.

NINETTE: AN IDYLL OF PROVENCE. (1 vol. *Hurst & Blackett*.) The author of one of the most charming of stories, "Vera," always writes well and with conscientious care, however slight her theme may be. This is a pretty sketch of a peasant girl brought up in a miserable farm near Grasse, whose prospects seem very dark till the playmate of her childhood comes to her rescue by wishing to marry her. This, however, is the beginning of her real troubles, for the wealthy broker of the neighbourhood who, as well as her step-mother, is somewhat too coarse and unpleasant for an Idyll, finding the advances he makes her rebuffed, lays a train of plots against the young couple's happiness. The working out of the story is not as good as it might be, but the descriptions are admirable. The author is evidently familiar with the character of the peasants and their way of life. She shows

strong feeling against the present Government in France, and the picture she draws of the disastrous effects which it is having on the people is a very gloomy one. —

HUSH! By CURTIS YORKE. (3 vols. *Bentley*.) The title of this book reveals the end. It can only mean the quiet of death for some much-tried soul. And so it is. The most excellent of young men, whose sense of morality is so strong that he writes powerful articles on the "utter impossibility of wrong being right," seized by the desire to become the owner of £20,000 a-year for his sister's sake, mechanically shakes himself free from the hold of his cousin, who has fallen into an earth-slip. It is true that he makes frantic efforts to repair his action the moment after, but it is too late. He is persuaded by the villain of the book, who has overheard his ravings in delirium, that he actually threw his cousin over the precipice, and it is only natural that he passes through two volumes of agony, mitigated by opium. In spite of all, he becomes celebrated in literature and politics, marries an adoring wife, who, after many heartrending scenes, condones his crime, and finally expiates it by rescuing the lady who was to have married his cousin from being the victim of two express trains. —

MAIWA'S REVENGE. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. (1 vol. 2s. 6d. *Longmans*.) The supernatural does not come into play in this history of adventure in South Africa, but never was a short tale more full of hair-breadth escapes. The principal dangers are buffaloes, bull-elephants, a rhinoceros, and finally a diabolically cruel African chief. The hero would probably have fallen a victim to the chief had he not found his cause espoused by the chief's wife, a Zulu girl, who burns to take vengeance on her husband for putting to death their infant child. The excitement of the narrative is thoroughly well sustained, and the hunting of perilously big game is most vividly described. —

THE BLACK ARROW. By R. L. STEVENSON. (1 vol. 5s. *Cassell*.) This is another of those fascinating stories of Mr. Stevenson's, consisting of a series of stirring events and breathless incidents made to delight all the senses of the young, and written in the admirable style which has a charm for people of every age. The scene is laid during the Wars of the Roses; the air seems thick with the flight of arrows throughout, and there is a picturesque woodland background of forest outlaws with whom the hero takes refuge from the baronial halls of a wicked guardian. A girl, who is made to share some of the most exciting adventures of the plucky hero, is a new element for Mr. Stevenson to introduce, and she certainly adds to the grace of the story, though the boyish critic may think her in the way. The author handles the Middle Ages, their language and habits, with daring but successful familiarity, indeed, he is "terribly at ease in this mediæval Zion."